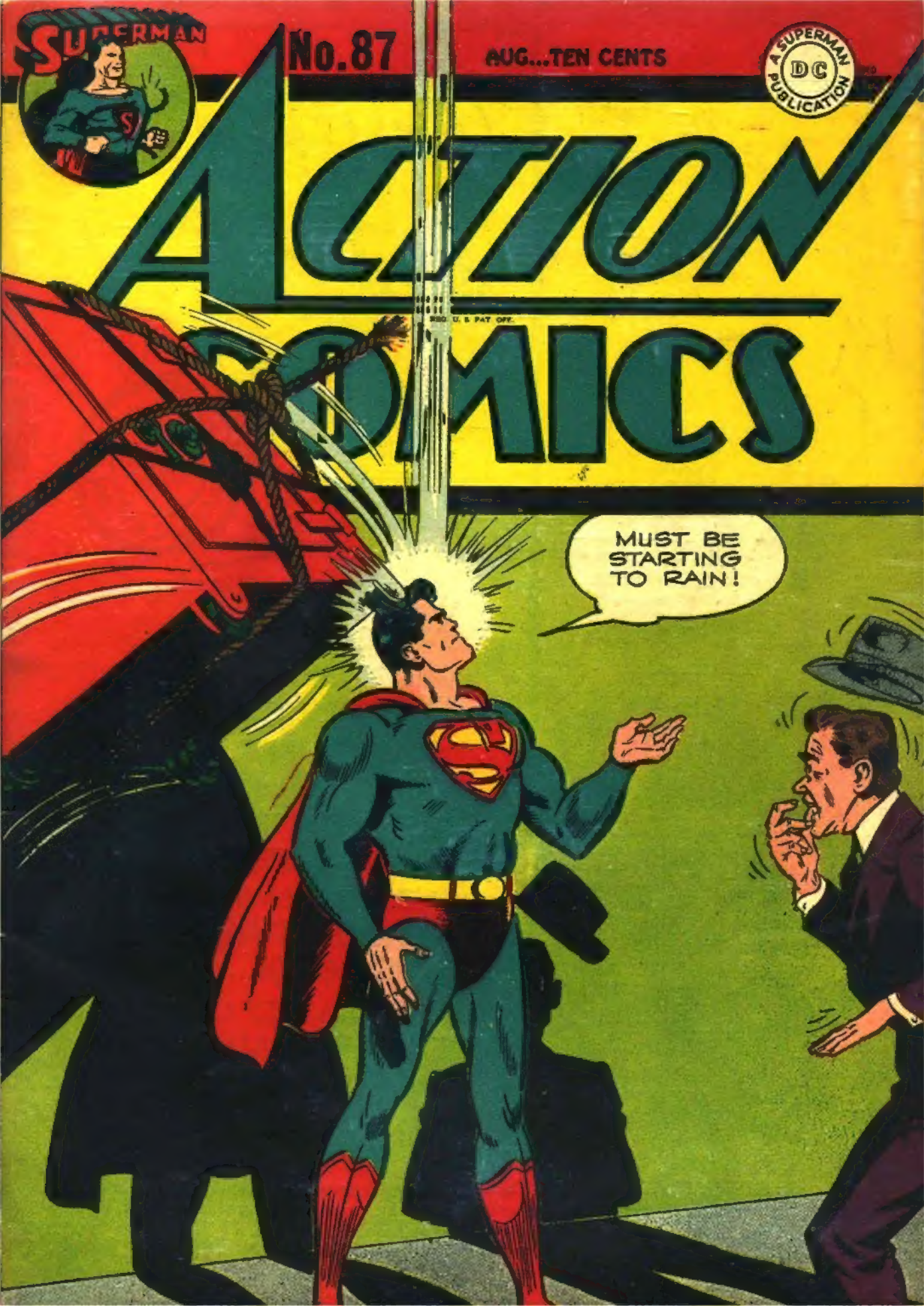
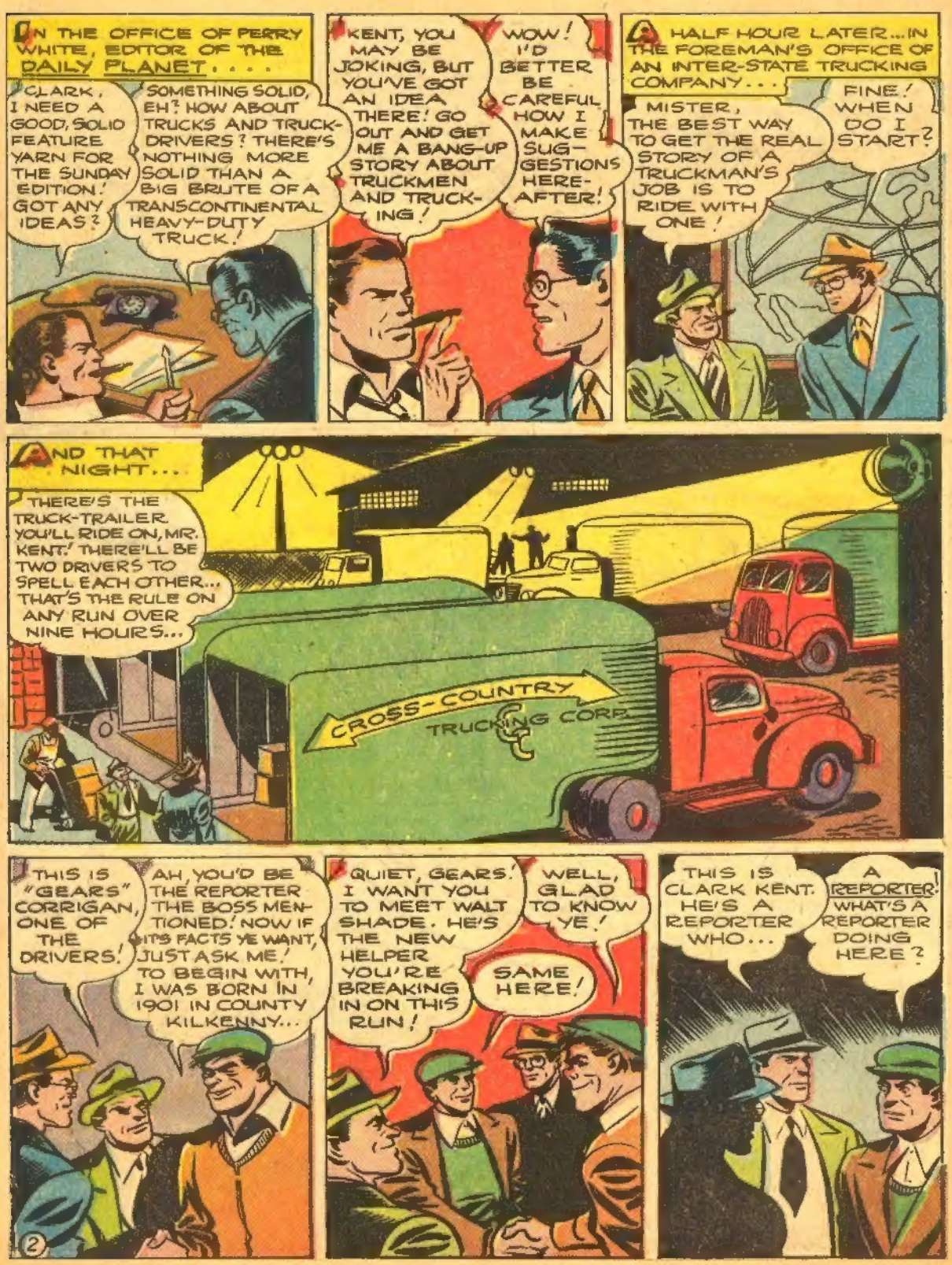
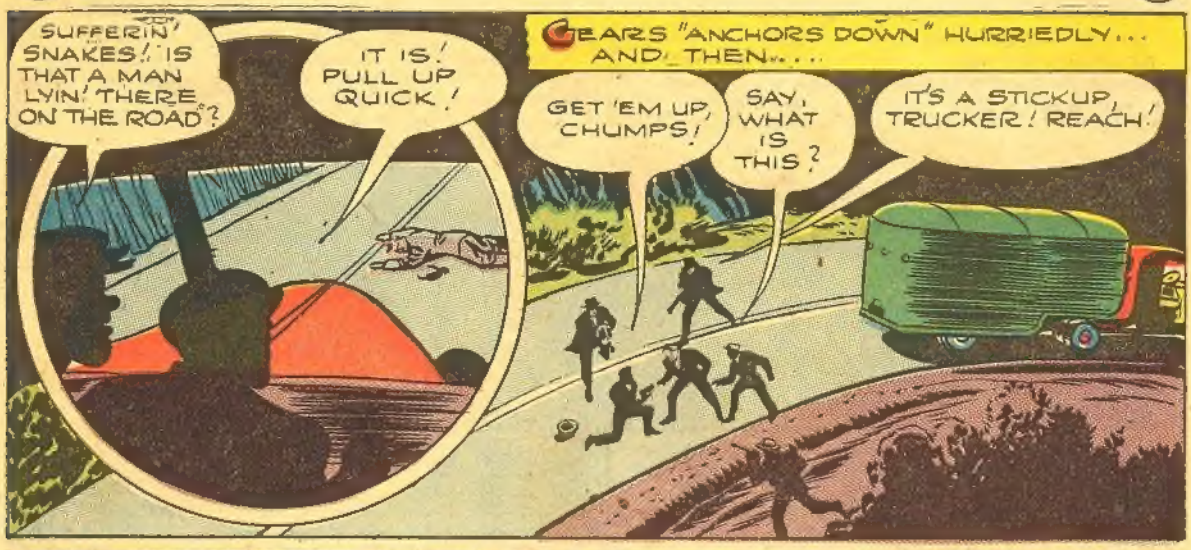

SUPERMAN
No.87
AUG...TEN CENTS
A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION
DC
ACTION COMICS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
MUST BE STARTING TO RAIN!

SUPERMAN
by JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER
THROUGH SNOW AND FOG...THROUGH EVERY CONCEIVABLE KIND OF WEATHER THERE SPEEDS CROSS-COUNTRY A NEVER-ENDING CARAVAN. IT IS THE LENGTHENING FLEET OF MOTOR EXPRESS TRUCKS. BEHIND THEIR WHEELS SIT STURDY MEN—MEN WHO DRIVE THOSE TRUCKS YEAR AFTER YEAR IN SPITE OF THE STRAIN, THE CONSTANT DANGER. THEY DELIVER THE GOODS! THEIRS IS NOT AN EASY JOB, AND THIS TRIBUTE TO THEM IS ONLY HALF PRAISE INDEED. RIDE WITH THEM...AND SUPERMAN...AS OUR TRUCK ROLLS ONTO A...
"DANGER HIGHWAY"

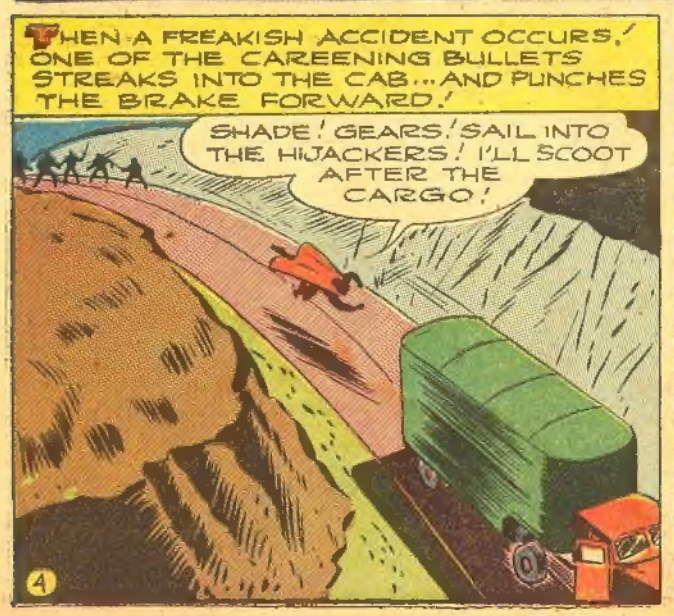

IN THE OFFICE OF PERRY WHITE, EDITOR OF THE DAILY PLANET. . . .
CLARK, I NEED A GOOD, SOLID FEATURE YARN FOR THE SUNDAY EDITION! GOT ANY IDEAS?
SOMETHING SOLID, EH? HOW ABOUT TRUCKS AND TRUCK-DRIVERS? THERE'S NOTHING MORE SOLID THAN A BIG BRUTE OF A TRANSCONTINENTAL HEAVY-DUTY TRUCK!
KENT, YOU MAY BE JOKING, BUT YOU'VE GOT AN IDEA THERE! GO OUT AND GET ME A BANG-UP STORY ABOUT TRUCKMEN AND TRUCK-ING!
WOW! I'D BETTER BE CAREFUL HOW I MAKE SUG-GESTIONS HERE-AFTER!
A HALF HOUR LATER...IN THE FOREMAN'S OFFICE OF AN INTER-STATE TRUCKING COMPANY. . .
MISTER, THE BEST WAY TO GET THE REAL STORY OF A TRUCKMAN'S JOB IS TO RIDE WITH ONE!
FINE! WHEN DO I START?
AND THAT NIGHT. . .
THERE'S THE TRUCK-TRAILER YOU'LL RIDE ON, MR. KENT! THERE'LL BE TWO DRIVERS TO SPELL EACH OTHER... THAT'S THE RULE ON ANY RUN OVER NINE HOURS...
CROSS-COUNTRY TRUCKING CORP.
THIS IS "GEARS" CORRIGAN, ONE OF THE DRIVERS!
AH, YOU'D BE THE REPORTER THE BOSS MEN-TIONED! NOW IF IT'S FACTS YE WANT, JUST ASK ME! TO BEGIN WITH, I WAS BORN IN 1901 IN COUNTY KILKENNY...
2
QUIET, GEARS! I WANT YOU TO MEET WALT SHADE. HE'S THE NEW HELPER YOU'RE BREAKING IN ON THIS RUN!
WELL, GLAD TO KNOW YE!
SAME HERE!
THIS IS CLARK KENT. HE'S A REPORTER WHO...
A REPORTER! WHAT'S A REPORTER DOING HERE?

HE'S DOING A STORY ABOUT THE TRUCKING BUSINESS! HE'S RIDING WITH YOU ON THIS RUN TO GET THE REAL INSIDE FACTS!
OH... I SEE! UH.. SORRY IF I SEEMED ABRUPT! I WAS JUST CURIOUS, THAT'S ALL!
("- I'M POSITIVE I'VE SEEN SHADE BEFORE! BUT WHERE..??-)
HE'S A TOUCHY KID, BUT HE LOOKS OKAY!
SURE! HE'S PROBABLY JUST NERVOUS BECAUSE IT'S HIS FIRST RUN! HERE'RE YOUR CONSIGNMENT TICKETS! GET ROLLING!
DOORS SLAM SHUT. MOTORS ROAR THUNDEROUSLY INTO LIFE. THE HUGE CARAVAN LUMBERS OUT INTO THE NIGHT!
WE'RE ON OUR WAY! HOW DO YE FEEL, KENT?
A LITTLE EXCITED, NATURALLY!
THE TRUCK SOON LEAVES THE CITY LIGHTS BEHIND AND HITS THE OPEN HIGHWAY..
WELL, SHADE, NOW I CAN "GET THE PLUNGER IN" AND START THE "CORKS" MOVING!
"CORKS?" WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?
"CORKS" ARE TIRES! "GET THE PLUNGER IN" IS TRUCKERS' SLANG FOR HURRY! I CAN SEE YE'VE NEVER BEEN A TRUCKMAN BEFORE! WHAT'D YE DO?
OH... THIS AND THAT...
("- SHADE DOESN'T WANT TO TALK! I WONDER WHY?--")
3
FOUR HOURS LATER...
GETTIN' LATE, REPORTER! THERE'S A BUNK BACK IN THE TRUCK. BETTER GET SOME SHUT-EYE NOW, 'CAUSE SHADE'LL HAVE TO GRAB FORTY WINKS BEFORE HE TAKES HIS TURN AT THE WHEEL!
HO HUM! OKAY! ("- I'M NOT REALLY SLEEPY, BUT MAY AS WELL PRETEND.-")
AND SO, WHILE CLARK RELAXES, GEARS TEACHES SHADE THE WAYS OF THE EXPERIENCED TRUCKMAN... GET YERSELF SUSPENDERS, KID. A BELT'S NO GOOD HERE! YER SHIRT TAILS KEEP COMING OUT WHEN YE DRIVE A BIG JOB LIKE THIS!
I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN!


SUFFERIN' SNAKES! IS THAT A MAN LYIN' THERE ON THE ROAD?
IT IS! PULL UP QUICK!
GEARS "ANCHORS DOWN" HURRIEDLY... AND THEN.....
GET 'EM UP, CHUMPS!
SAY, WHAT IS THIS?
IT'S A STICKUP, TRUCKER! REACH!

BUT INSIDE THE TRUCK, CLARK'S X-RAY EYES HAVE TAKEN IN THE SCENE...
HIJACKERS! HIGH TIME SUPERMAN GOT INTO THIS!

CROOKED GUNS FOR CROOKED MEN!
BANG!
BANG!
YIPES! SUPERMAN! PLUG 'IM!


THEN A FREAKISH ACCIDENT OCCURS! ONE OF THE CAREENING BULLETS STREAKS INTO THE CAB...AND PUNCHES THE BRAKE FORWARD!
SHADE! GEARS! SAIL INTO THE HIJACKERS! I'LL SCOOT AFTER THE CARGO!
4

O FOOLISH MAN, DID YE REALLY THINK YE COULD OUTFIGHT AN IRISHMAN? HOW YE DOIN', SHADE, ME BUCKO?
I'M HOLDING MY OWN!
POW
OOF!

C'MON—BEFORE SUPERMAN COMES BACK AND NABS US!
SHADE! THEY DROPPED A GUN! GRAB IT! MAYBE YE CAN WING ONE O' THOSE RATS!
SHADE PICKS UP THE GUN... BUT HESITATES ABOUT SHOOTING IT...
MAN, WHAT'RE YE WAITIN' FOR? SHOOT! SHOOT! THEY'RE GETTIN' AWAY!
I... I...
SLAM
MEANWHILE...
WHOA, NELLIE!
WHY DIDN'T YE SHOOT? ARE YE AFRAID THE NOISE WOULD HURT YER DELICATE EARS? ARE YE YELLOW?
PLEASE, GEARS... DON'T SAY THAT!
I WILL SAY IT! YE'RE A COWARD! YE'RE YELLOW! YE'RE ... UGH!
SOCK!
I'M SORRY, GEARS. I TOLD YOU NOT TO SAY THAT! I DIDN'T WANT TO HIT YOU!
ANY MAN WHO HITS GEARS CORRIGAN HAS GOT A FOIGHT ON HIS HANDS!
(- OH-OH! GOT TO INTERRUPT SOME MORE HOSTILITIES!--)
5

QUICKER THAN A WINK, SUPERMAN SETS THE HUGE TRUCK DOWN AND WHISKS INTO HIS ROLE OF CLARK KENT...
WHA..YAWN.. WHAZZAMATTER? I THOUGHT I HEARD A SHOT!
OH... IT'S YOU! WE'VE HAD A VISIT FROM SUPERMAN AND SOME HIJACKERS BOTH! THE WAY YOU SLEEP, YOU PUT RIP VAN WINKLE TO SHAME!
SUPERMAN? WHERE DID HE GO... AFTER THE HIJACKERS?
I GUESS SO! HE AIN'T AROUND NOW! SHADE, I'LL TAKE THE GUN NOW. YOU'D BETTER GRAB SOME SHUT-EYE! IT'LL BE YOUR TURN AT THE WHEEL SOON!
LATER...
HMM... SHADE IS CERTAINLY SNOOZING!
GOOD! THEN HE CAN'T HEAR US! I SAW SHADE HOLD HIS FIRE SO THE HIJACKERS COULD GET AWAY!
I HATE TO SAY IT BUT I THINK THE LAD IS IN CAHOOTS WITH THEM, NOTIFYIN' THEM IN ADVANCE O' VALUABLE CARGOES, SO THEY'LL KNOW WHEN AND WHERE TO STRIKE!
BUT YOU CAN'T ACCUSE HIM WITHOUT MORE PROOF!
AFTERNOON OF THE FOLLOWING DAY... AND THE TRUCK DELIVERS ITS CARGO TO THE TERMINAL IN THE NEXT STATE...
HYA, GEARS, YOU OLD ROAD HOG!
'LO, MURPHY! SURE AN' YE'RE JUST AS UGLY AS EVER! HERE'S ME CONSIGNMENT TICKETS!
I'LL HAVE TO TELL THE FOREMAN ABOUT THE HIJACKERS.. BUT DO YE THINK I SHOULD VOICE ME SUSPICIONS ABOUT SHADE?
YOU MAY BE WRONG, YOU KNOW! SHADE MAY JUST BE GUNSHY! HE MAY NEVER HAVE FIRED A GUN BEFORE! STILL, IT'S UP TO YOU...
AND SO IN THE FOREMAN'S OFFICE...
ANYTHING MORE TO ADD TO YOUR REPORT, CORRIGAN?
UH... NO, SIR... NOT A THING!
6

IF THERE ARE HIJACKERS AT WORK, I'D BETTER GET YOU TEMPORARY GUN PERMITS! ON THE TRIP HOME, YOU'LL BE CARRYING A VALUABLE CONSIGNMENT!
AS CLARK AND THE FOREMAN LEAVE, SHADE HESITANTLY APPROACHES GEARS...
GEARS... THANKS FOR NOT TELLING THE FOREMAN ... ABOUT THE GUN, I MEAN! I... I'M SORRY I HIT YOU... I...
FORGIT IT! I GUESS WE BOTH LOST OUR TEMPERS! C'MON, KID, LET'S BE GOIN'!
POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
JUST TO MAKE SURE YOU BOYS GET THE FEEL OF A GUN, YOU'D BETTER PRACTICE AT THE SHOOTING RANGE! YOU FIRST!
HUH.. ME?
DEAD CENTER EVERY TIME! MISTER, I CAN SEE YOU'RE AN OLD HAND WITH A GUN!
NEVER USED A GUN BEFORE, EH?
LOOKS LIKE A BAD GUESS ON MY PART...
BANG!
BANG
CLANG
CLANG
SUDDENLY, A CHORD OF MEMORY IS STRUCK!
("- GUNFIRE!... NOW I REMEMBER! TWO MONTHS AGO ... SHADE WAS A BANK GUARD... THERE WAS A ROBBERY...-")
("- AS THE BANDITS LEAPED TO THEIR GETAWAY CAR, SHADE HAD A CLEAR VIEW OF THEM... BUT HE HELD HIS FIRE. THEY GOT AWAY...-")
7

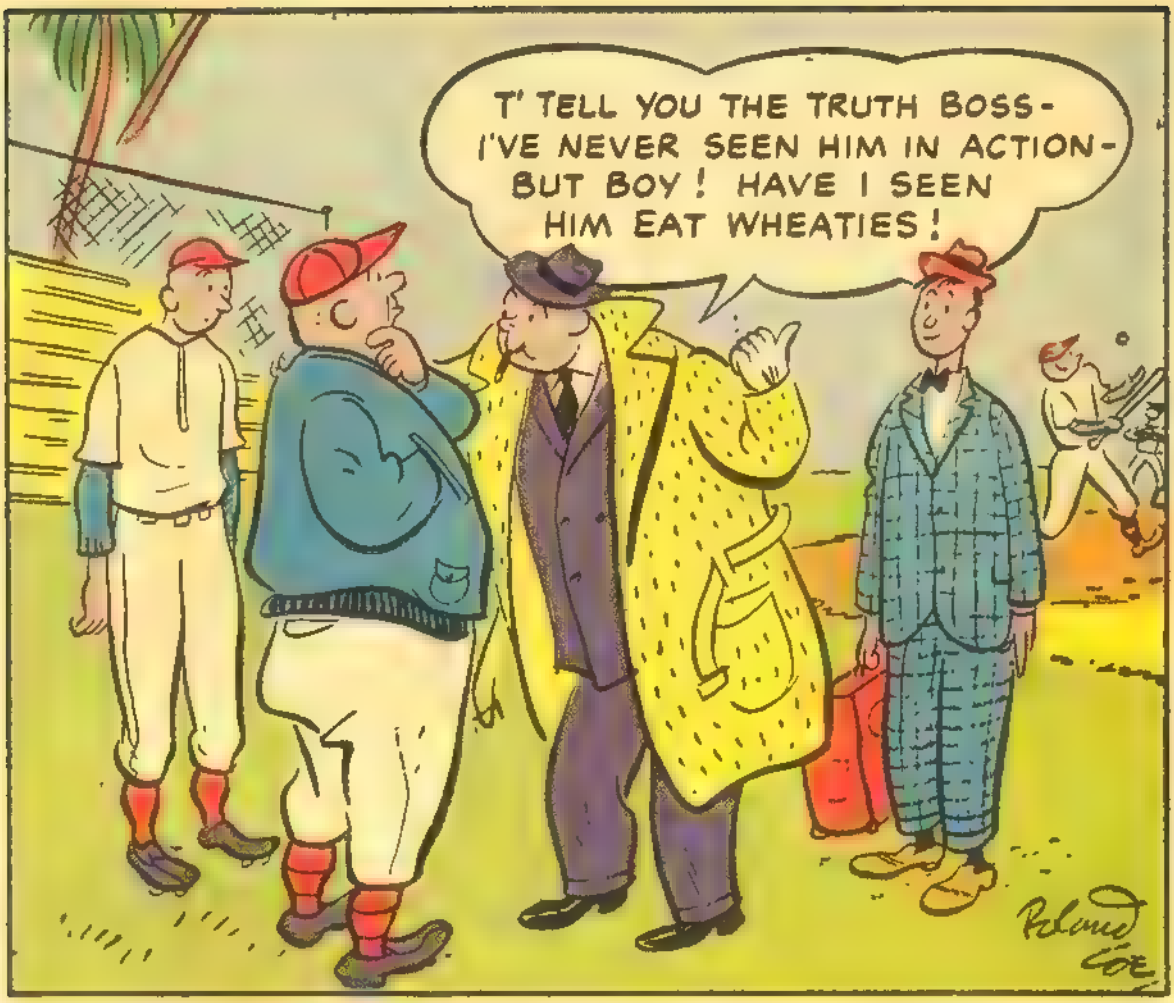
(--THE BANK DISCHARGED SHADE! THEY COULDN'T PROVE IT, BUT IT WAS FELT SHADE WORKED WITH THE BANDITS! THE POLICE ALWAYS MAINTAINED MIKE COOLEY'S GANG DID THE JOB, BUT THEY COULDN'T MAKE THE CHARGES STICK!--")
IN A SECLUDED ALLEYWAY, CLARK WHISKS OFF HIS REPORTER GARB...
IT ALL SEEMS TO ADD UP! IF SHADE WAS IN WITH MIKE COOLEY'S GANG AT THE BANK ROBBERY, THEN IT'S A FAIR GUESS THAT MIKE COOLEY AND HIS GANG WERE THE HIJACKERS, TOO! COOLEY'S HEADQUARTERS ARE BACK IN METROPOLIS! GEARS IS NOT DUE TO LEAVE TILL TEN O'CLOCK, SO I'VE GOT EXACTLY ONE HALF HOUR!
MIKE COOLEY'S PLACE!
I WANT MIKE COOLEY!
SUPERMAN!
OUT OF THE WAY, YOU INSECTS! I WANT COOLEY!
YOU AND I ARE GOING TO HAVE A LITTLE TALK, COOLEY!
KEEP AWAY FROM ME... KEEP AWAY!... GULP!
SMASH

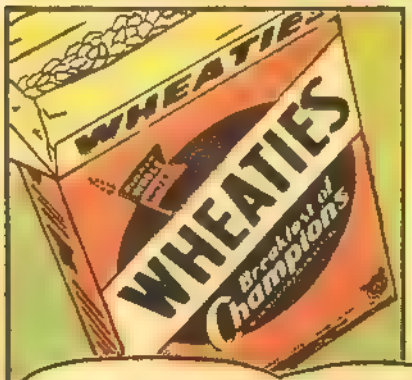
I NEVER TRIED TO HIJACK NO TRUCK! THAT GUY SHADE AIN'T PART OF MY MOB! HONEST!
WHOM ARE YOU TRYING TO FOOL? HE LET YOU GET AWAY WITH THAT BANK JOB, DIDN'T HE?
SURE, BUT I NEVER SEEN THE GUY TILL THEN! I STILL CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHY HE LET US GET AWAY! HONEST, I DON'T KNOW THE GUY... I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN'!
("--I BELIEVE HE IS TELLING THE TRUTH! HE'S TOO SCARED TO LIE! THEN THE ONLY POSSIBLE ANSWER IS THAT SHADE IS WORKING WITH ANOTHER MOB!--")
SOMETIME LATER - WASHINGTON, D.C.
I'M CERTAINLY GLAD I HAD FORE-SIGHT ENOUGH TO LIFT SHADE'S FINGER-PRINTS FROM THE GUN HE HANDLED! I BELIEVE THE FBI CAN HELP ME NOW!
INSIDE THE GREAT FINGERPRINT FILE ROOM IN THE BUILDING OF THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION!
HERE IT IS! "WALT BRODIE, POLICEMAN OF SMALLTOWN. HANDED IN SHIELD FOR PER-SONAL REASONS."
AN EX-POLICEMAN! THAT'S AN IMPORTANT LEAD!
LATER! SMALLTOWN, U.S.A.
YEP, WALT WAS A GOOD, HONEST POLICEMAN! THEN A SNEAK THIEF TRIED TO BURGLE MRS. LOGAN'S HOUSE. WALT SAW HIM, CALLED "STOP", BUT THE THIEF KEPT RUNNING.
WALT WANTED TO SHOOT OVER HIS HEAD AS A WARNING, BUT WALT TRIPPED! THE SHOT WENT LOW... KILLED THE BURGLAR... A MAN WHO NEEDED MONEY TO PAY FOR HIS WIFE'S DOCTOR BILLS! WALT TOOK IT PRETTY HARD. KEPT SAYING OVER AND OVER, "I KILLED A MAN. THAT MAN DIDN'T DESERVE TO DIE!"
AFTER THAT HE HANDED IN HIS BADGE, LEFT TOWN! I NEVER COULD FIND OUT WHERE HE WENT! SAY, YOU LEAVIN' US SO SOON?
YES...THAT'S ALL I NEED TO KNOW! THANKS!
9

LOOK, GUYS! SUPERMAN.!
(-- I'VE JUST TIME TO GET BACK AS CLARK KENT AND MAKE THE JOURNEY HOME WITH GEARS AND SHADE ... OR SHOULD I SAY BRODIE?! SO THAT'S WHY HE WOULDN'T FIRE THAT GUN! HE'S AFRAID OF KILLING SOME ONE AGAIN! --)
BUT AT THE TRUCK TERMINAL..
WHY, THEY'RE GONE! GEARS WANTED TO WAIT LONGER, BUT WE'VE GOT A SCHEDULE TO KEEP!
BUT ACCORDING TO THAT CLOCK THERE WAS PLENTY OF TIME!
DON'T TELL ME YOU WENT BY THAT ANCIENT HOUR-GLASS? IT HASN'T BEEN RIGHT IN YEARS!
I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO GO BACK WITH ANOTHER TRUCK!
(-- I CAN'T WAIT! THAT HIJACKING GANG IS SURE TO MAKE ANOTHER TRY! THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!--)
MEANTIME... ON THE HIGHWAY, A SUDDEN BLIZZARD WHISTLES AND WHINES 'ROUND THE TRUCK CARAVAN ....
LOOK AT THOSE FEATHERS COME DOWN! HEY! WHAT WAS THAT?
BANG
SOUNDS LIKE ONE OF OUR TIRES SUDDENLY WENT FLAT!
THE TWO GET OUT TO INVESTIGATE! A VOICE RIPS THROUGH THE WIND ..
LOOK! A BOARD WITH SPIKES!
THAT'S RIGHT, BROTHER! UP WITH YOUR MITTS! HIGH!
UNDER COVER, GEARS WHISPERS TO SHADE ...
SHADE, THE FIRST THING A GOOD TRUCKMAN TRIES TO DO IS SAVE HIS CARGO! WE CAN'T SHOOT IT OUT WITH THEM! TOO MANY! THERE'S FLARES IN THE TRUCK! IF YOU COVER ME, I CAN SEND ONE UP FOR HELP! I'M TRUSTING YOU NOW! DON'T FAIL ME!
THANKS! I WON'T LET YOU DOWN!
LOOK! THAT DRIVER'S MAKING A BREAK! PLUG 'IM!
GEARS, HAS BEEN SPOTTED! IT'S UP TO "SHADE" NOW! WILL HE COME THROUGH?
10

I'VE GOT TO COVER GEARS! BUT.. I'LL KILL A MAN AGAIN... TAKE AWAY A LIFE! I'M AFRAID TO SHOOT!
GEARS.! THEY KILLED HIM! I WAITED TOO LONG! I'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU, GEARS! I'LL GET THOSE RATS.!
UGH! MY SHOULDER!
OOH!
YOU RATS! I'M NOT GOING TO KILL YOU! I'M GOING TO KEEP YOU ALIVE SO YOU CAN DIE IN THE CHAIR FOR GEAR'S MURDER!
LOOK!
NOT FAR AWAY....
A FLARE! SOMEONE NEEDS HELP!
DOWN PLUMMETS SUPERMAN! HIS HANDS SCOOP UP GIANT PILES OF SNOW...
LET'S BLOW! THAT GUY SHOOTS TOO GOOD FOR ME! BESIDES, THAT FLARE'LL BRING THE STATE POLICE!
THE HIJACKERS AGAIN! I THINK THEY DESERVE A LESSON!
THIS IS GOING TO BE JUST ABOUT THE BIGGEST SNOWBALL EVER MADE!
11

SUPERMAN WINDS UP... AND LETS FLY WITH TWO TONS OF PACKED SNOW!
I THINK THAT WILL HOLD YOU FOR AWHILE!
SMACK!
GEARS! I THOUGHT..?!
NAW! THAT BULLET NIPPED MY SLEEVE SO I DROPPED AND PLAYED POSSUM! KID, YE COVERED ME BEAUTIFULLY, BUT WHY DOES IT TAKE YE SO LONG TO SHOOT?
SHALL I TELL HIM WHY... BRODIE?!
HOW... DID YOU KNOW MY NAME WAS BRODIE?
BRODIE? DON'T TELL ME YE'VE BEEN BEARIN' AN IRISH NAME ALL THIS TOIME?
EXPLANATIONS SOON CLEAR UP EVERY-THING...
... AND SO IT WAS SEEING YOU FALL THAT GAVE BRODIE BACK HIS SELF-CONFIDENCE!
KID, I'M SORRY I EVER MIS-JUDGED YE!
THERE'S NOTHING TO BE SORRY ABOUT! EVERYTHING WORKED OUT FOR THE BEST AFTER ALL!
SAY, WHAT'RE WE STANDING GABBING FOR? WE'VE GOT A CONSIGNMENT OF GOODS TO DELIVER!
NOW YOU'RE TALKIN' LIKE A TRUE TRUCKMAN, LAD! LET'S BE ON OUR WAY! THERE'S PEOPLE WAITIN' FOR THOSE GOODS!
SLAP
AND SO THE CARAVAN ROLLS ON! SNOW, SLEET, FOG, TROUBLE, HIJACKERS, NOTHING STOPS THEM! THEY DELIVER THE GOODS!
LISTEN TO THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN— HEARD EVERY DAY, MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY— ON YOUR LOCAL MUTUAL STATION.
CONSULT YOUR PAPER FOR TIME AND STATION.





CHAMPION NOURISHMENT IN THOSE WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES!

"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"

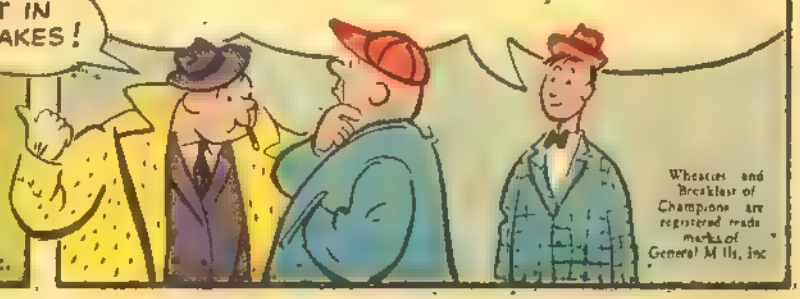
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

A Product of General Mills, Inc.

BOY! WILL YOU EAT WHEATIES -- WHEN YOUR APPETITE DISCOVERS THAT FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

A MAN-SIZED BOWLFUL OF WHEATIES, WITH MILK AND FRUIT, IS MIGHTY IMPORTANT EATING. MIGHTY DELICIOUS, TOO. THOSE BIG CRISP-TOASTED FLAKES ARE CHUCK-FULL OF SOLID NOURISHMENT -- JAM-PACKED WITH NUT-SWEET, MALT-RICH FLAVOR THAT CALLS FOR SECOND HELPINGS.

GIVE WHEATIES A TRIAL -- TOMORROW MORNING. **GO INTO ACTION** WITH LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."



Wheaties and Breakfast of Champions are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

HAYFOOT HENRY
OH, WINTER'S THE TIME FOR A MERRY JINGLE, WHEN SLEIGHBELLS RING AND FINGERS TINGLE, BUT HAYFOOT HENRY, IN SEARCH OF A RHYME, IS INTERRUPTED BY A CRIME, THAT HAS TO DO WITH SNOW AND ICE, AND A RASCALLY SCAMP WHO'S NOT VERY NICE, THOUGH WE HASTEN TO ADD THE CRIME'S NOT HOMICIDAL, IN THIS SLEEPYSIDE CHILLER BEST NAMED
A WINTER IDYL
PATROLLING HIS BEAT ONE NIGHT IN THE PARK, HENRY HEARS VOICES COME OUT OF THE DARK...
SO I FOUGHT THIS BIG SHARK SINGLE-HANDED - IMAGINE THE JOB TO GET HIM LANDED!
LAND SAKES ALIVE, WHAT DANGEROUS FUN! IT'S REALLY AMAZING THE THINGS YOU'VE DONE!
AND IF NOT FOR ME, THE PURPLE MOB WOULD STILL BE AT LARGE AND RAISING HOB!
GABBY LOOIE, THE TOWN'S BIGGEST PHONEY, TELLING SOME NEW GIRL HIS USUAL BALONEY.

TO LISTEN TO HIM, HE CAN DO ANYTHING— FIGHT, RIDE, WRITE, AND EVEN SING.
HMM... I NEED A RHYME. HE'S AN EXPERT ON HOOEY. A RHYME FOR BRAGGADOCIO SHOULD BE A CINCH FOR LOOIE.
WHAT RHYMES WITH BRAGGADOCIO, IF YOU'LL PARDON THE INTRUSION?
NOW LOOK HERE, HENRY, IS THAT A PERSONAL ALLUSION?
POOH - YOUR PPOBLEM IS EASY. I COULD GIVE YOU THE RHYME, BUT I'M BUSY NOW — SOME OTHER TIME.
NONSENSE AND STUFF, THE GREAT BIG BLUFF!
SNAP!
THAT GIRL IS MIGHTY PRETTY. TO SEE HER WITH LOOIE'S A PITY. BUT I'D BETTER GET TO SLEEP ON TIME AND WAKE UP FRESH TO FIND MY RHYME.
AND SO THE NEXT DAWNING, HENRY'S NOT YAWNING...
THE CLEAN FRESH AIR AND A GOOD WORK-OUT WILL CLEAR MY MIND FOR A RHYMING BOUT.

BUT AS HENRY APPROACHES THE LAKE, THERE'S A CLAMOR, AN IRATE MURMUR, AN INDIGNANT YAMMER!
VANDALOUS!
OH, DEAR ME -- WHAT CAN IT BE?
HECK!
SCANDALOUS!
DARN!
AFTER ALL OUR WAITING, WE CAN'T GO SKATING!
OH DEAR ME -- WHAT CAN IT BE?
SOME HORRIBLE HEEL HAS CHOPPED UP THE ICE. SUCH AN ACT SHOULD BEAR A HEAVY PRICE.
THE ICE IS PARK PROPERTY, IT'S BEEN DESTROYED - SO TO CAPTURE THE VILLAIN MY BRAIN WILL BE DEPLOYED. BUT IF WITH A RHYME FOR BRAGGADOCIO SOMONE WOULD HELP. I COULD CONCENTRATE ALL ON CAPTURING THE WHELP.
GLOM
SKATING, NOT RHYMING, WAS WHAT I DESIRED. IF YOU CAN'T CATCH THE VILLAIN, YOU OUGHT TO BE FIRED.
WHOEVER DID IT. HIS BRAIN NEEDS REPAIRS. IMAGINE HIM CUTTING UP ICE IN SQUARES!
UNLESS--AH YES--WHY DIDN'T I GUESS? I'M OFF TO MAKE THE VILLAIN CONFESS!
A FIVE MINUTE RACE FROM THE PARK LAKE SHORE AND HENRY ARRIVES AT THE SUSPECT'S DOOR.
OPEN UP, MR. FREEZE, I'M ON TO YOUR RACKET. THE ICE ON THE LAKE -- ONLY YOU WOULD HACK IT!
ICE -- ALSO COAL AND WOOD
BAM
3

ON ICE CUT OUT FROM THE PUBLIC LAKE, ONLY AN ICEMAN A PROFIT COULD MAKE!
STEALING ICE NOW COULD NOT BE MY CRIME! ANYBODY CAN GET ICE IN THE WINTERTIME!
COME TO THINK OF IT -- HOW VERY TRUE! PARDON MY HASTE, BUT MY BRAIN IS ASKEW!
TO SUCH HASTY CONCLUSIONS I MUST NOT JUMP, OR ELSE I'M GOING TO LOOK LIKE A CHUMP...
WHY, YOU'RE THE LASS FROM THE PARK LAST NIGHT... YOUR EXPRESSION REVEALS AN UNHAPPY PLIGHT.
MY SKATING LESSON'S RUINED BECAUSE OF THE ICE, LOOIE SAID HE'D TEACH ME. WASN'T THAT NICE ?
HE SAID, OF ALL SKATERS, HE'S BY FAR THE BEST. SO YOU SEE WHY IT IS I'M SO DISTRESSED?
EUREKA! MY GIRL, YOU'VE JUST MADE CLEAR WHY THE ICE WAS RUINED... AND BY LOOIE, I FEAR.
THE TRUTH YOU MUST KNOW, SO LISTEN WELL, BEFORE I FIND LOOIE A PRISON CELL. HE LIED ABOUT THE SKATING - BRAGGING'S HIS VICE - THEN TO COVER HIS LIE, HE CHOPPED UP THE ICE!
4

HENRY SETS OUT ON LOOIE'S TRAIL TO FIND THE FELLOW AND END OUR TALE.
WHAT'S A HIGH DIVE INTO A SHALLOW POOL? I DON'T BRAG, BUT I COULD DIVE A MILE INTO A DAMP RAG!
CROSSEYED BAT
I CAN'T BE WRONG, THAT'S LOOIES SONG!
ALL RIGHT LOOIE -- HOLD OUT YOUR WRIST!
I THINK I KNOW WHY, AND I'M GONNA RESIST!
STAND BACK, HENRY -- OR I'LL CUT YOU!
DROP THAT RAZOR, YOU SILLY NUT, YOU!
MAYBE YOU NEED A GOOD SMACK IN THE SHINS TO LEARN A RAZOR IS FOR SHAVING CHINS!
OW!
ZZZ
OH WHY DID I PROMISE THAT GIRL A SNOW SHOW!
EUREKA!-- MY RHYME FOR BRAGGADOCIO!
HUH! - YOUR JAIL WON'T HOLD ME! YOU'VE WASTED YOUR TIME.
LET HIM BRAG ON. I'VE GOT HIM AND MY RHYME!
THE END.
5

Hey, Look!

WE GOT THESE SWELL U.S. NAVY CRAFT HOT-IRON TRANSFERS AS PRIZES IN KELLOGG'S SHREDDED WHEAT!

Hot-iron transfers of aircraft carriers, battleships, destroyers, ducks, PT boats and other Navy Craft, yours as PRIZES. One in every package of Kellogg's Shredded Wheat! Nothing to mail or send in.

NOW you can fix your sweat shirt, jacket, swim suit or gym shirt so that it's the envy of the whole neighborhood! You can cover it with swell pictures of alligators, submarines, cruisers—*in action!*

Wear a real snazzy sport shirt!

All you need are these different-colored hot-iron transfers—you can easily imprint them on any article of clothing with a hot iron. That's all! The pictures come off clean and sharp. They're long-lasting, won't wash away in soap and water.

You can select one as the secret emblem of your club and have every member of the gang wear it on his sport shirt. Or you can cover *your* sport shirt with different U. S. Navy Craft.

Get 'em as a PRIZE!

And just think—you don't have to send in a thing to get these prizes. There's one in every package of Kellogg's Shredded Wheat. And, of course, it's no trouble at all to go through a package of *Kellogg's* Shredded Wheat *fast*. The whole *family* will love these crunchy toasted biscuits the *way Kellogg's* makes 'em. And they're as good *for* you as they are good to eat! So, get your package of Kellogg's Shredded Wheat today—and start your Navy Craft collection today!

LOOK! Free Gifts AND WAR SAVING STAMPS

Best of All! WAR SAVING STAMPS
A 10c War Savings Stamp for every fifty Genuine Bags

FOR Popsicle* Fudgicle* CREAMSICLE* Bags and other bags reading "Licensed by Joe Lowe Corp." and "Save these bags for Gifts"

*TRADE MARK REG U.S PAT OFF.

OVER ½ MILLION PRIZES - FREE!

If any prize you select is not available, we will send you a 10c War Savings Stamp for every fifty Genuine Bags. This offer effective until April 1st, 1946, but is void and not extended in any State or locality where redemption or issuance thereof is prohibited, or where any tax, license or other restriction is imposed.

Enjoy these swell Frozen Confections On-A-Stick — get these prizes! Save Bags, Pick your Prize. Ask your postman how to mail your bags and letter — address nearest Service Department listed below. Easy, isn't it?

FOR 50 BAGS or 5c and 25 BAGS

No. 145 Code-O-Graph — Junior Secret Service Kit — Invisible Ink and Developer — Alphabet code chart.
No. 143 Swirl-A-Top — New, Different Wood holder — String spinner.
No. 158 Jewelry Clip — Openwork metal reproduction of Old Masterpieces
No. 127 Battle Set — each makes 12 boats, tanks, planes, field guns, etc.
No. 130 Buckle Bracelet — Gold-Color Metal — Baked enamel — adjustable.

FOR 100 BAGS or 10c and 50 BAGS

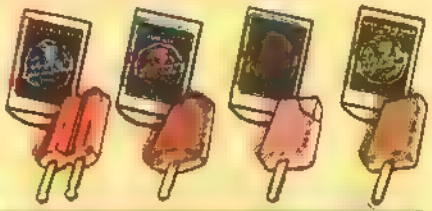
No. 147 Wheel of Knowledge — Asks and automatically answers 500 questions.
No. 152 Air Pressure Cataplane — Loops — Dives — Glides — Spins — Turns.
No. 135 First Aid Kit — In Tin Box — Gauze — Mercurochrome — Cotton — Compresses — Bandages — Complete.
No. 244 Book — Hard Covers — Order only one Book to a customer. Six titles — Grimms Fairy Tales — Treasure Island — Alice in Wonderland — Heidi — Swiss Family Robinson — Huckleberry Finn.

FOR 200 BAGS or 25c and 100 BAGS

No. 133 Cartoon Instruction Set — Book of Charts and Complete Equipment.
No. 115 Bowling Game — Ten Pins — Alley over two feet long — Like big game.
No. 154 Shoe Shine Kit — Grown-up size — Get one — Sell shines — Make Money.
No. 163 Pistol and Holster with Belt — Realistic — Full-size — Composition.

Many More Gifts!

For complete illustrated catalog, write to address below or ask at your ice cream store.



SEND BAGS to 'POPSICLE' SERVICE DEPARTMENT
Nearest Address

New York, N. Y.	601 W. 26th Street
Chicago, Ill.	1000 N. Ogden Avenue
Los Angeles, Cal.	2744 E. 11th Street
Atlanta, Ga.	325 Elizabeth St. N. E.

FREE!
10 BIG COUPON

Acceptable toward the redemption of any premium listed above. Only one coupon may be used for any one premium. Valid until April 1st, 1946.

VIGILANTE
IF EVER A MAN BELIED HIS NAME, THAT MAN IS THE DUMMY! THE MANIKIN OF MENACE IS THE VERY OPPOSITE OF STUPID, AND HE'S FAR FROM TONGUE-TIED! WHAT'S MORE, HE IS THE ONE WHO MANIPULATES HIS COMPANIONS IN CRIME LIKE SO MANY PUPPETS, AND NOT VICE VERSA! BUT THE VIGILANTE HAS BEEN MORE THAN A MATCH FOR THE DIMINUTIVE DESPERADO BEFORE... AND HE MAY BE AGAIN, AS HE STRAYS OFF HIS OWN RANGE TO MATCH WESTERN WITS AND WEAPONS WITH...
"THE DUMMY, ART EXPERT!"
MORT MORTON JR

THE DUMMY, OLD FOE OF THE VIGILANTE, IS IN NO HAPPY MOOD... AND NO WONDER!
WHAT STUPID, BRUTALIZING WORK FOR ONE WITH MY SENSITIVE SPIRIT, I, AN ARTIST, BREAKING ROCKS!
HEY, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WAS AN ARTIST, DUMMY!
FOOL, I MEAN AN ARTIST IN CRIME! AH, THE DELICATE PATTERNS FOR PLUNDER, THE UNUSUAL VALUES I ACHIEVE — IN LOOT, OF COURSE!
SO THAT'S WHAT YOU MEANT! BUT ME, I'M A REAL ARTIST, DUMMY! THEY CALL ME ARTIST AL!
I COULD COPY A MASTERPIECE SO GOOD, ONLY AN EXPERT COULD TELL IT FROM THE ORIGINAL! BUT THERE WASN'T NO MONEY IN IT, SO I TURNED TO COPYIN' OTHER THINGS!
234645
WHAT OTHER THINGS?
SIGNATURES ON CHECKS! IT PAID GOOD FOR A TIME, DUMMY!
369412
BUT THEN THEY CAUGHT UP WITH ME... AND HERE I AM!
HMM, THIS FELLOW MIGHT BE USEFUL TO ME AFTER I ESCAPE... AND THAT WILL BE TONIGHT, IF ALL GOES WELL!
AND THAT EVENING...
HEY, THAT MUTT WANTS TO GO TO PRISON.
CATCH HIM! DOGS AIN'T ALLOWED IN HERE!
BUT THE CANINE, ELUDING HIS PURSUERS, SEEMS TO KNOW EXACTLY WHAT HE'S DOING ...
2

AND THE RESULTS ARE VERY PLEASING— TO THE DUMMY!
NEATLY DONE, ROVER. AND NOW, WHILE MY BROTHER CONVICTS SNORE, I SHALL FARE FORTH TO FREEDOM AND THE PROFITS OF CRIME.
WHAT COULD BE SWEETER... NOT A GUARD IN SIGHT, A GUN IN HAND, AND A GLORIOUS FUTURE AHEAD.
HUH..? GEE!
COME ALONG, MY TALENTED COMRADE... YOUR PRISON TERM ENDS TODAY.
COME ON, FOLLOW IN THE WAKE OF A GENIUS, AND IN FIVE MINUTES YOU'LL BE A FREE MAN.
HIT THE DIRT, RATTLERS! HA,HA, JUST LIKE THE VIGILANTE!
BANG!
BANG!

AND BEFORE THE STARTLED GUARDS CAN RECOVER...
I'M COMIN', DUMMY. WE MADE IT.!
JEEPERS— A WAITIN' CAR AND EVERYTHIN'!
HEY, WHO'S THAT GUY, DUMMY?
A FRIEND OF MINE.! MAKE ROOM.!
AND BACK IN THE PRISON — INSTEAD OF PURSUIT, THERE IS ONLY WILD TURMOIL.!
SOMEBODY OPENED THE DOORS.! HERE'S OUR CHANCE.!
GET BACK, YOU RATS, BEFORE WE SHOOT.!
SO THE DUMMY MAKES GOOD HIS ESCAPE, AND NOT LONG AFTERWARD...
AN AMAZING LIKENESS.! YOUR SKILL IS REALLY REMARKABLE, MY NEW-FOUND GENIUS.!
GLAD YOU LIKE IT, DUMMY! BUT LIKE I SAID, THERE'S NO MONEY IN IT.!
TUT, TUT, MY FRIEND, THERE'S A FORTUNE WAITING FOR US... IF WE GO AFTER IT THE RIGHT WAY.! THE OLD ART FIRM OF S. GIMMICK WANTS TO SELL OUT! I'LL TAKE OVER AND THEN...
AND THEN... WELL, SEE FOR YOURSELF...
I DON'T DOUBT YOUR WORD, VAN MORGAN... BUT ALL THE SAME, I'D LIKE TO HAVE THE FIRM OF GIMMICK PRONOUNCE THE PICTURE AUTHENTIC BEFORE COMPLETING THE DEAL.!
I UNDERSTAND, BILKMORE.! ONE IS NATURALLY CAUTIOUS ABOUT PARTING WITH $100,000.!
S GIMMICK FOUNDED 1837

YOU'RE NOT MR. GIMMICK!
I'M MR. GIMMICK'S NEPHEW, ALPHONSE! HE'S OLD NOW, AND HE'S HANDED THE BUSINESS OVER TO ME! ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU, GENTLEMEN?
IN YOUR EXPERT OPINION, IS THIS AN AUTHENTIC VRUBENS?
HMM, SOME OLD COPIES ARE VERY DIFFICULT TO DISTINGUISH FROM THE ORIGINALS! SO IF YOU'LL KINDLY LEAVE IT HERE FOR A FEW DAYS...
AS SOON AS THE UNSUSPECTING PATRONS LEAVE...
WORK RAPIDLY, MY BOY... WE'VE GOT TO AGE THE PICTURE THREE CENTURIES WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED, AND THAT WILL TAKE AT LEAST TWO DAYS!
OKAY, BOSS... BUT I'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL! AFTER ALL, IT IS A REAL VRUBENS, AND HE AIN'T EASY TO IMITATE!
AT THE END OF A WEEK...
A GENUINE VRUBENS, GENTLEMEN! IT PASSES ALL KNOWN TESTS!
VERY WELL, VAN MORGAN, THE HUNDRED THOUSAND IS YOURS!
AS THE SATISFIED PATRONS DEPART...
THIS IS RICH, DUMMY. THEY BRING A GENUINE VRUBENS, AND LEAVE WITH A PALTRY IMITATION.
AND WE SHALL QUIETLY SELL THE GENUINE TO SOME ART LOVER WHO IS NOT TOO PARTICULAR WHERE HIS TREASURES ARE GATHERED. AL, MY LAD, WE HAVE A LUCRATIVE RACKET... AND FOOLPROOF!
FOOLPROOF? WELL, THAT'S A PRETTY POSITIVE WAY OF PUTTING IT, MR. DUMMY. DON'T FORGET THE VIGILANTE--HE'S HANKERING TO SEE YOU AGAIN.
IT BEATS ME, VIG, WHERE THE DUMMY COULD BE HIDING OUT.
I'VE GOT ONE HOPE, PARDNER... A MIGHTY SLENDER ONE! WHEN THE DUMMY ESCAPED, HE TOOK ONLY ONE PRISONER WITH HIM...
AND THAT PRISONER WAS ARTIST AL, A FORGER AND PAINTER OF NO MEAN ABILITY. IF THE DUMMY DIDN'T PLAN TO USE HIM, HE WOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN HIM ALONG, AND MY GUESS IS THAT THEY'RE WORKIN' SOME KIND OF ART RACKET TOGETHER.

I'VE MADE UP A LIST OF THE MEN WITH BIG ART COLLECTIONS IN TOWN... I'M GOING TO KEEP AN EYE ON THEM!
THUS, THAT NIGHT...
NOTHING DOING AT VAN MORGAN'S! NOW WE'LL TAKE A LOOK AT THE BILKMORE MANSION...
WHAT'S THAT TRUCK DOING IN FRONT OF IT?
HELP!
KIYOODLIN' COYOTES... WE'VE WALKED INTO SOMETHIN', STUFF! COME ON!
THE VIGILANTE!
YEP, IT'S ME, VARMINTS!
I'M PLUMB LOCO ABOUT ART!
YIIII!
NICE WORK, STUFF, BUT I'LL TAKE THIS RATTLER OFF YOUR HANDS NOW!
ARTISTIC WAY OF DOING IT, ISN'T IT, STUFF?
16

THE VIGILANTE! THANK GOODNESS YOU'VE CAUGHT THEM AND SAVED MY PRECIOUS PAINTING!
OH, OH! THEY'VE SCRAPED IT AGAINST THE TRUCK AND DAMAGED IT!
TOO BAD, PARDNER! HOPE IT DON'T HURT THE VALUE NONE!
I DON'T KNOW! THERE'S AN ARTIST IN TOWN WHO REPAIRS OLD PAINTINGS... PERHAPS HE CAN TOUCH THIS UP TO LOOK LIKE THE ORIGINAL!
AND SO, PRESENTLY...
YES, MR. BILKMORE, I COULD TOUCH THIS UP.. BUT WHAT'S THE SENSE OF DOING IT? THIS IS ONLY AN IMITATION VRUBENS, AND NOT VERY VALUABLE!
WHAT..? YOUNG MAN, THE FAMOUS FIRM OF S. GIMMICK CERTIFIED THIS PICTURE TO BE AUTHENTIC ONLY A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO!
WELL, THEIR WORD IS USUALLY GOOD, BUT ALL THE SAME... THIS PICTURE ISN'T. IT'S BEEN PAINTED RECENTLY, AND ARTIFICIALLY AGED.
BUT THOSE THUGS DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO MAKE A SWITCH. WE CAUGHT THEM TOO FAST!
I THOUGHT AT FIRST THAT THEY MIGHT BE THE DUMMY'S HOMBRES, BUT THAT'S OUT! THE DUMMY IS TOO MUCH OF A GENIUS EVER TO STEAL MERE COPIES. AND YET, THIS GIMMICK FIRM TOLD BILKMORE THAT HIS VRUBENS WAS GENUINE. HMM...
KIYOODLIN' COYOTES... I THINK I'VE GOT IT! BY A STRANGE COINCIDENCE, THIS GANG OF PICTURE THIEVES MAY BE GIVING US A LEAD RIGHT TO THE DUMMY'S DOOR.

SHORTLY, AT S. GIMMICK'S, ART DEALERS...
ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU, GENTLE...
SLAM!
SURE— GIVE ME THE VRUBENS YOU STOLE!
YII... THE VIGILANTE!
ARTIST AL, WHO ESCAPED WITH THE DUMMY!
DUMMY, LOOK..!
YOU FOOL, DID YOU HAVE TO BRING THEM BACK HERE?
HE JUST DIDN'T WANT YOU TO MISS THE FUN, SIDEWINDER!
OWW
AND NEITHER DO I!
UNEXPECTEDLY...
HEY..!
AND AS THE WESTERN WADDY ATTEMPTS TO STRUGGLE TO HIS FEET...
LAY OFF, YOU OVERGROWN PUP...

TOO BAD, VIGILANTE! DOGS LIKE YOU... BUT I DON'T!
AAAA...
AND AS FOR STUFF...
LEGGO!
ALL RIGHT IF YOU WANT IT THAT WAY, KID!
OWWW... MY HEAD!
BONK
MOMENTS LATER...
THIS IS THE END OF THE TRAIL FOR YOU, VIGILANTE! NO LONGER WILL YOU BE A STUMBLING BLOCK TO MY BRILLIANT CAREER.
YA OUGHTTA BE ASHAMED OF YERSELF, VIGILANTE—HINDERIN' ART!
IN A MATTER OF MINUTES THIS PLACE WILL GO UP IN FLAMES. COLLECT ALL THE ORIGINAL PAINTINGS, AL...WE'VE GOT ENOUGH OF THEM NOW TO RETIRE AND CASH IN ON THEM AT OUR LEISURE!
WHILE THE MINIATURE MENACE AND HIS HENCHMAN PREPARE FOR A HASTY DEPARTURE...
HE SURE HASN'T GOT THE DUMMY'S DISPOSITION!
HE SURE HASN'T, PARDNER... AND IT MAY BE LUCKY FOR US!
SLURP
REMEMBER HOW THE DUMMY ESCAPED JAIL? ACCORDING TO POLICE REPORTS, THIS PURP HAD A GUN IN THE LITTLE SATCHEL AROUND HIS NECK!

AND HE STILL HAS, STUFF! THE DUMMY KEEPS HIM EQUIPPED FOR ALL EMERGENCIES!
I'VE GOT THE GUN. NOW, PUT YOUR ROPES AGAINST THE MUZZLE...
HE'S GOT A GUN! AND HE'S JUST SHOT OFF THE KID'S ROPES! GET GOING, AL!
BANG!
GOSH, VIG, THEY'VE GOT A HEAD START... AND YOUR FEET ARE STILL TIED!
BANG!
FIND YOUR MASTER, QUICK... AND BRING HIM HERE!
STOP THAT, YOU CRAZY MUTT!
AHHH...
BUMP!
GUESS THAT DOG KNOWS A RAT WHEN HE SEES ONE!
AND DID YOU EVER SEE A PURTIER PICTURE!

Meet a

Folks, do you like golden, delicious honey? and crisp, munchy toasted almonds? You do? Then you'll love BIT-O-HONEY. This *differently* delicious candy bar blends these taste-favorites with healthful milk and other energy-foods into the best candy bar you've ever tasted. BIT-O-HONEY comes already cut and wrapped in six bite-sized pieces . . so that it's the most delicious and the most convenient candy bar to eat anywhere, anytime. Today...

Eat a

A "Honey" of a candy bar

5¢

©1945 BY SCHUTTER CANDY CO ST. LOUIS MO

You'll like OLD NICK, too . . a delicious chocolate-covered bar, made by the makers of BIT-O-HONEY

WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER?

It has a special meaning!

Everyone's name adds up to a special significant number. YOU can find *yours* by using the Number-Alphabet below.

1 "One" individuals aspire to greatness. They are independent, aggressive and possess daring spirits, have the unusual ability of making actions and thoughts work in perfect harmony.

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S name adds up to ONE—Does Yours?

Example: W I N S T O N C H U R C H I L L
5+9+5+1+2+6+5+3+8+3+9+3+8+9+3+3 = 82*
*8+2 = 10 1+0 = 1

Use the Number-Alphabet to figure your number. If it isn't "One", write for FREE booklet telling you what it means.

The Number-Alphabet

A-J-S are "1"	B-K-T are "2"	C-L-U are "3"
D-M-V are "4"	E-N-W are "5"	F-O-X are "6"
G-P-Y are "7"	H-Q-Z are "8"	I-R are "9"

YOURS **FREE**

Want the key to *your* number? Send today for the amazing new BIT-O-HONEY book "WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER AND WHAT DOES IT MEAN?" It's FREE! Paste coupon on a postcard. Mail it NOW!

"BIT-O-HONEY" NC1
Box 59, St. Louis 3, Mo

Please send me—absolutely FREE and without obligation my "What's Your Number" booklet

*Name*_____
(please print plainly)

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *Zone*_____ *State*_____

*If you are under 18 check here*_____
Regardless of your age, you get your Number booklet FREE.

(This offer expires December 31, 1945)

MACHINE GUNS

by Jesse Merlan

THE three men walked into the main office exactly three minutes before the weekly payroll arrived. They had planned it exactly that way. They were three men, with three loaded guns and they were three minutes ahead of time. But in the next few minutes they were going to steal $30,000.

And without any noise or fuss or chance of a slip-up. They were experts and they knew their stuff. Nobody would have recognized them as a trio of the slickest stick-up artists that ever eluded the police. With their natty clothes and flat leather satchels they looked like ordinary businessmen or lawyers. But their eyes were fast and wary and shifty, and they had guns in those satchels. The satchels that they soon hoped to stuff with the payroll cash.

These three had planned it all to the smallest detail. "Swifty" Grogan never took a chance. That's why the law had never caught up with this slender desperado or his two torpedo pals. The three of them worked fast and smooth, and this job would be a cinch.

Grogan pushed his way politely into the inner office, his two "assistants" behind him. That's the way Swifty Grogan liked to talk about his crooked helpers. As "assisstants." Because he knew he was a fast-thinking and clever boss whose business was crime. And he ran his business with a red-spouting gun whenever he was forced to.

President Bannon of the firm they were robbing recognized the cold threat of death that lurked in Grogan's eyes. Even before Grogan had expertly slid his gun from the satchel, Bannon's hands were already shooting straight up in the air. Bannon's eyes were wide with fear.

There were five men in the room, and three of them had guns pointed at the other two. No one had spoken a word. There hadn't been any need for speech. Everybody understood what was going to happen.

Grogan threw one quick look about the place. Everything perfect. Only one other door for an exit, a seldom used one, and Grogan and his "assistants" were going to use that for a hasty retreat to the street. After they'd gotten thirty grand in cash.

Swifty Grogan smiled his crooked and tight-lipped smile. "Take it easy you, Lefty, and you, Hopper. We haven't got a thing to worry about. These two old boys understood that one peep out of them, and it means an answer in hot lead from these persuaders we're carrying." Grogan waved his gun in a playful gesture. A gesture of triumph. But Hopper and Lefty were well-trained in the exact task of pulling holdups for Swifty Grogan. They didn't dare bat an eyelash or even murmur a word of approval. Grogan was a hard man to work for. He demanded silence and perfect timing and cruel courage, or you were liable to find yourself looking at the wrong end of a flashing gun. You couldn't make any mistakes when Grogan was your boss.

But Grogan himself loosened up, once he realized that his careful plans were going to succeed. He grinned his twisted half-laugh again. President Bannon and the other employee in the room were still frozen with fear. Those three guns held them spellbound. Then Grogan began to talk in a low, smooth voice, preparing his stage and actors for the actual holdup which was still to come.

Swifty talked fast and to the point, accenting every detail with a little deadly wave of his stubby gun. "No need to be afraid for your life, Mr. President Bannon. You see, we are only here for the payroll. We don't want to become murderers. But we can." His voice grew silkier, more threatening. "You can force us to shoot if you don't behave."

The agony in Bannon's eyes was the same emotion that was mirrored in the face of his employee, the firm cashier. Swifty Grogan went on, talking faster. "No need to tell me who this other guy is, Mr. Bannon. I know that he's Mr. Connors, your faithful and trusted cashier. And I also know that in about two minutes a bank mesenger and two policemen are going to walk in that door with $30,000. The same door my "assistants" and I slid through.

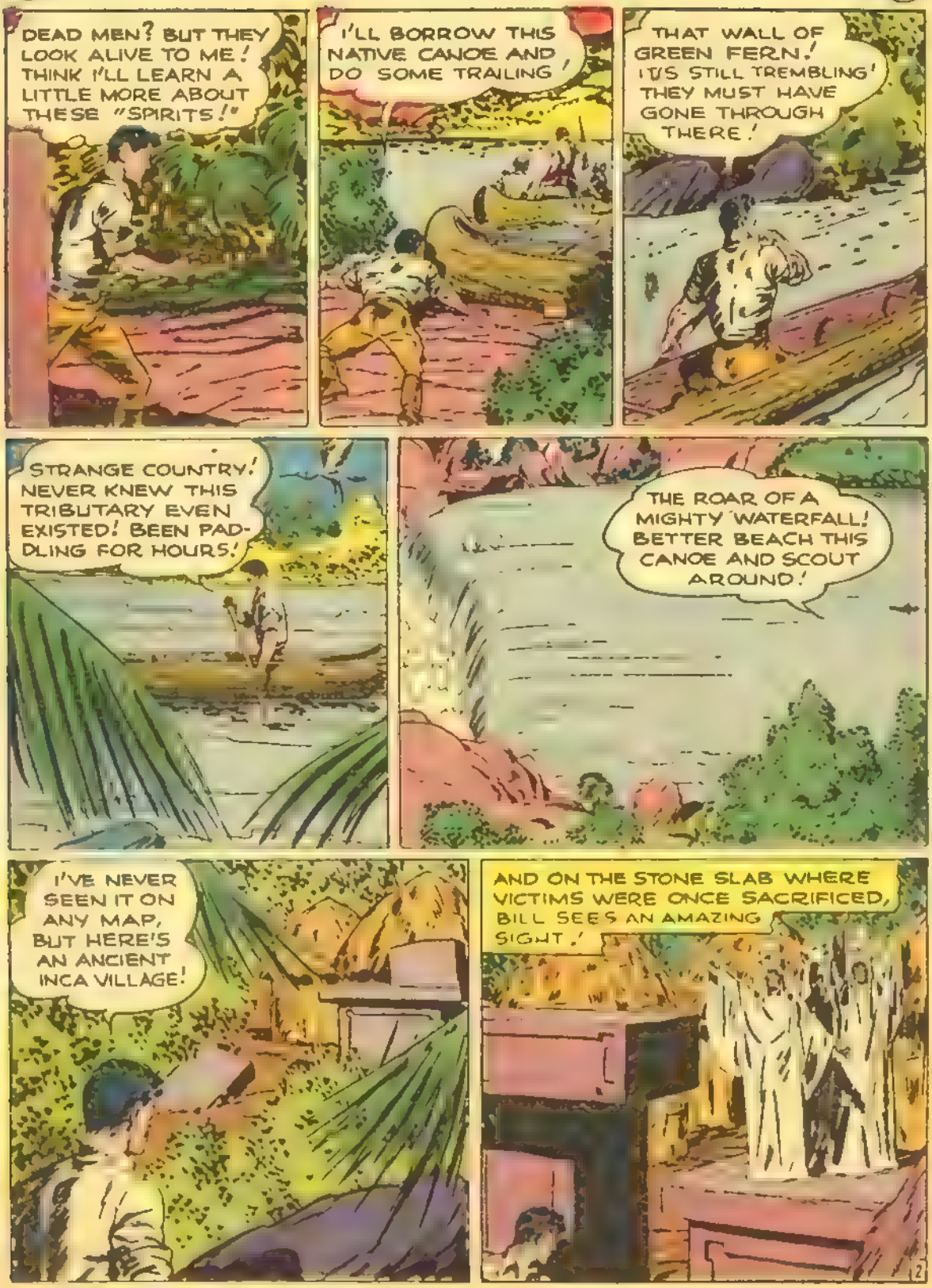
"Now all you have to do is act natural. As if nothing was happening. Come on, don't look so scared, rich Mr. Bannon. You're only going to lose some extra cash. And you've got the chance to save the lives of those cops and that bank messenger. And your own two lives. What do you say? Just speak softly, I warn you."

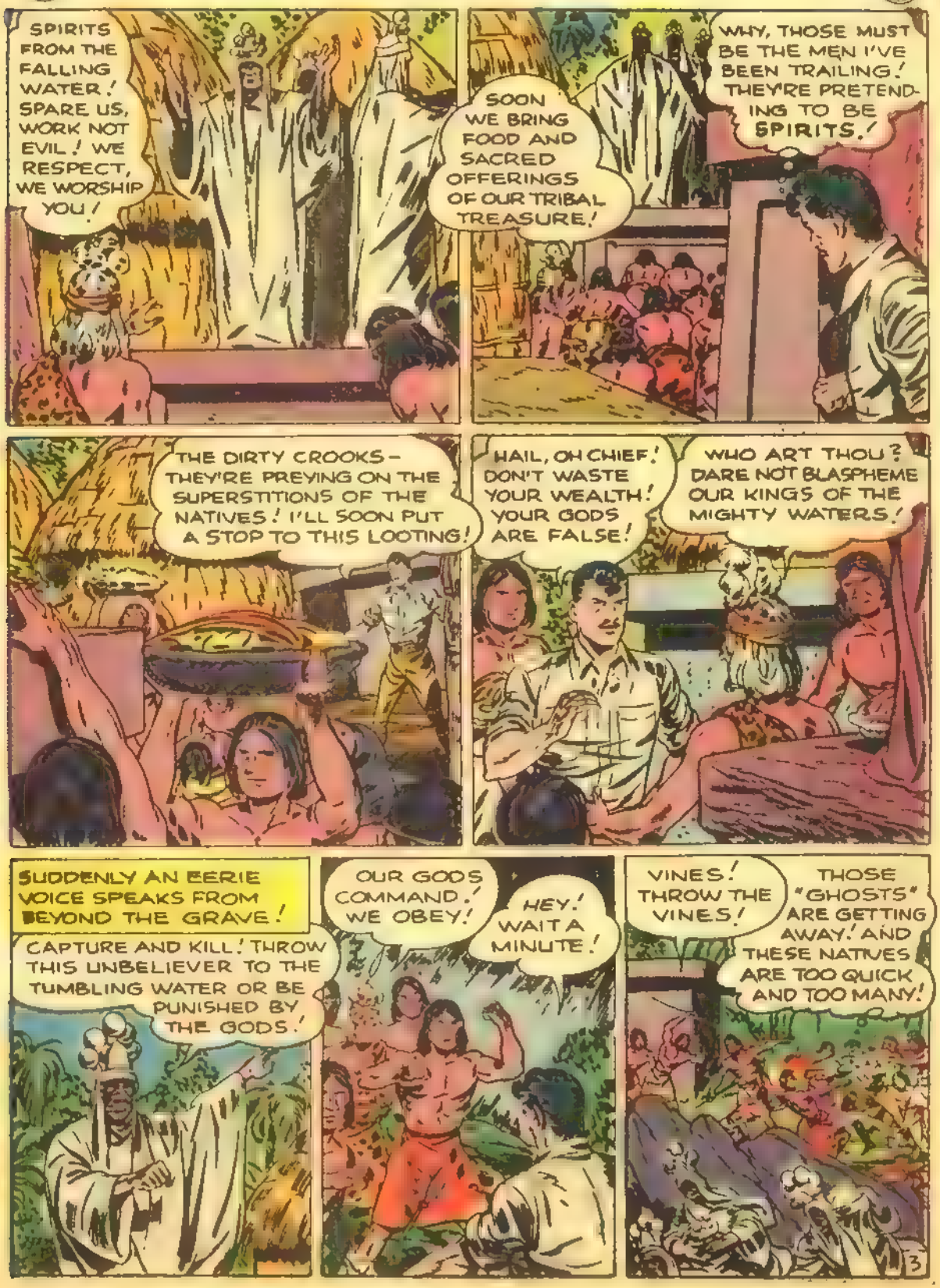
President Bannon didn't lower his arms from above his head, and his dry lips mumbled a few jumbled phrases before he could get out some real words. Finally he spoke, his old wrinkled face still white with fear, his glasses trembling on his nose. "We'll do anything you say. Anything. Only don't use those guns. Connors here has a wife and family."

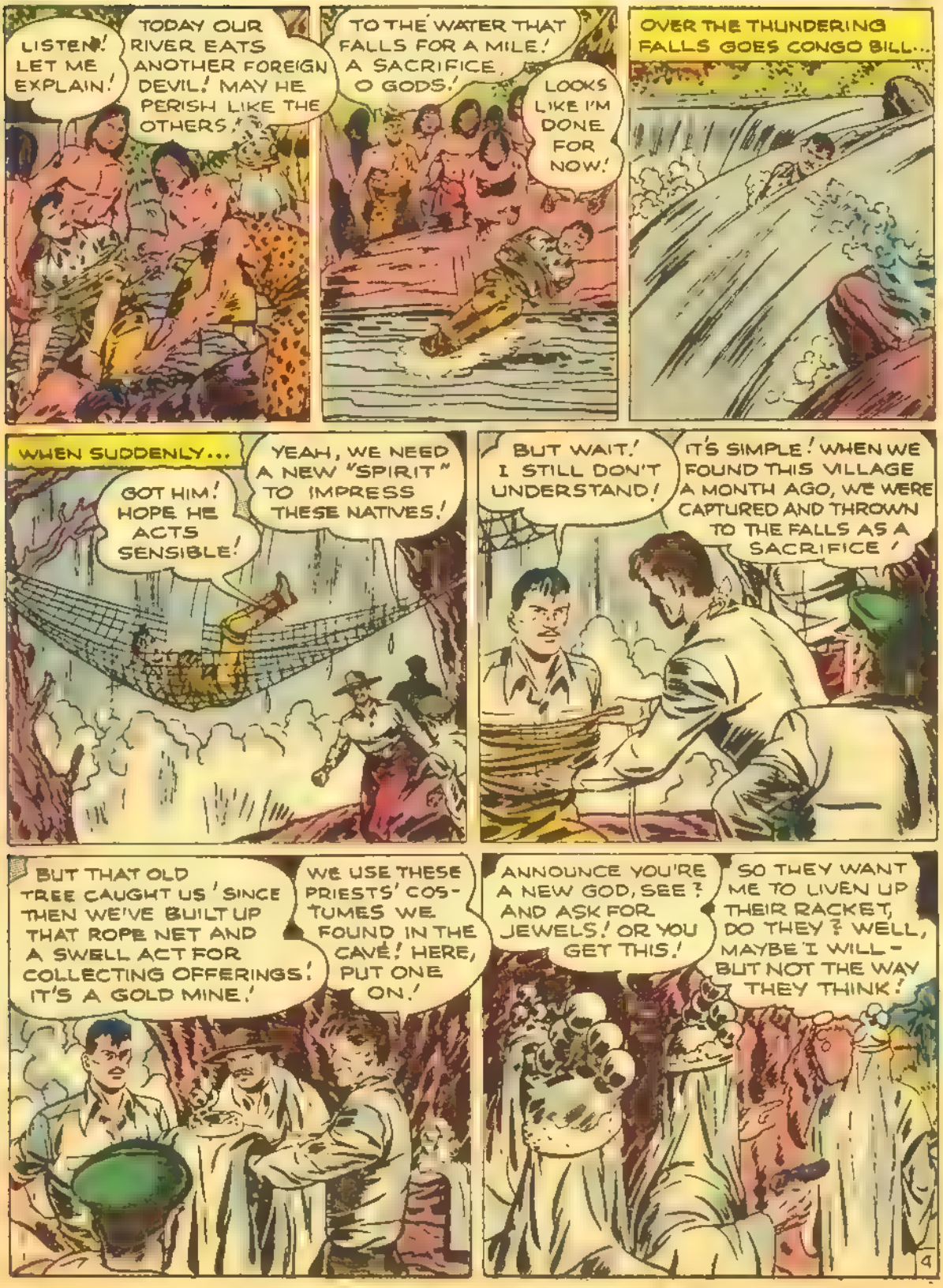
Connors, the bald and pink-faced cashier, nodded his series of fat chins in violent agreement. Connors hadn't yet found

(Continued on inside back cover)

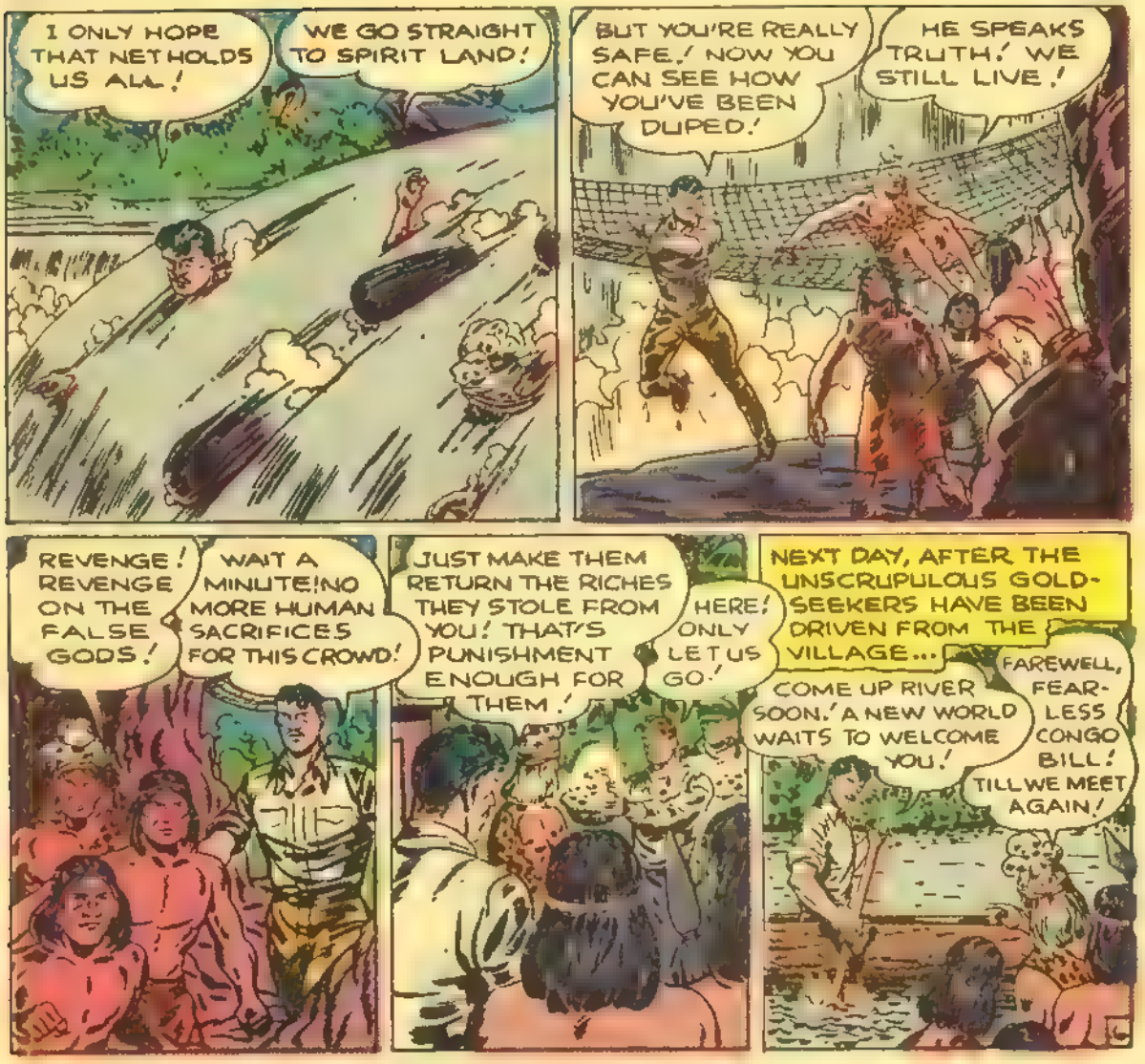
CONGO BILL
FROM STEAMING JUNGLES TO FROZEN ARCTIC WASTES, ROAMS THAT FAST-FISTED GLOBE-TROTTER, CONGO BILL, TRACKING AND BATTLING THE UNEXPLORED MYSTERIES OF THIS WORLD! BUT WILL BILL DARE TO ENTER THAT OTHER WORLD, THAT WEIRD LAND OF DEAD MEN FROM WHICH NO LIVING ADVENTURER EVER RETURNS? THE ANSWER COMES WHEN HE PLUNGES INTO THE STRANGEST STRUGGLE OF HIS LIFE ON THE BRINK OF... "DEAD MEN'S FALLS!"
IN A TRADING POST ON THE EDGE OF THE UNEXPLORED SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLE...
AND THERE'S MORE WHERE THIS CAME FROM!
HMM! INCA GOLD AND JEWELS,' I WONDER WHERE THAT TREASURE DID COME FROM?
WE'LL SOON BE THE RICHEST MEN ALIVE!
BUT REMEMBER, WE'RE ALL DEAD MEN! WE NEVER GOT RICH TILL WE DIED!


DEAD MEN? BUT THEY LOOK ALIVE TO ME! THINK I'LL LEARN A LITTLE MORE ABOUT THESE "SPIRITS!"
I'LL BORROW THIS NATIVE CANOE AND DO SOME TRAILING,
THAT WALL OF GREEN FERN! IT'S STILL TREMBLING! THEY MUST HAVE GONE THROUGH THERE!
STRANGE COUNTRY! NEVER KNEW THIS TRIBUTARY EVEN EXISTED! BEEN PADDLING FOR HOURS!
THE ROAR OF A MIGHTY WATERFALL! BETTER BEACH THIS CANOE AND SCOUT AROUND!
I'VE NEVER SEEN IT ON ANY MAP, BUT HERE'S AN ANCIENT INCA VILLAGE!
AND ON THE STONE SLAB WHERE VICTIMS WERE ONCE SACRIFICED, BILL SEES AN AMAZING SIGHT!


SPIRITS FROM THE FALLING WATER! SPARE US, WORK NOT EVIL! WE RESPECT, WE WORSHIP YOU!
SOON WE BRING FOOD AND SACRED OFFERINGS OF OUR TRIBAL TREASURE!
WHY, THOSE MUST BE THE MEN I'VE BEEN TRAILING! THEY'RE PRETENDING TO BE SPIRITS!
THE DIRTY CROOKS — THEY'RE PREYING ON THE SUPERSTITIONS OF THE NATIVES! I'LL SOON PUT A STOP TO THIS LOOTING!
HAIL, OH CHIEF! DON'T WASTE YOUR WEALTH! YOUR GODS ARE FALSE!
WHO ART THOU? DARE NOT BLASPHEME OUR KINGS OF THE MIGHTY WATERS!
SUDDENLY AN EERIE VOICE SPEAKS FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE!
CAPTURE AND KILL! THROW THIS UNBELIEVER TO THE TUMBLING WATER OR BE PUNISHED BY THE GODS!
OUR GODS COMMAND! WE OBEY!
HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!
VINES! THROW THE VINES!
THOSE "GHOSTS" ARE GETTING AWAY! AND THESE NATIVES ARE TOO QUICK AND TOO MANY!
3


LISTEN! LET ME EXPLAIN!
TODAY OUR RIVER EATS ANOTHER FOREIGN DEVIL! MAY HE PERISH LIKE THE OTHERS!
TO THE WATER THAT FALLS FOR A MILE! A SACRIFICE, O GODS!
LOOKS LIKE I'M DONE FOR NOW!
OVER THE THUNDERING FALLS GOES CONGO BILL...
WHEN SUDDENLY...
GOT HIM! HOPE HE ACTS SENSIBLE!
YEAH, WE NEED A NEW "SPIRIT" TO IMPRESS THESE NATIVES!
BUT WAIT! I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND!
IT'S SIMPLE! WHEN WE FOUND THIS VILLAGE A MONTH AGO, WE WERE CAPTURED AND THROWN TO THE FALLS AS A SACRIFICE!
BUT THAT OLD TREE CAUGHT US! SINCE THEN WE'VE BUILT UP THAT ROPE NET AND A SWELL ACT FOR COLLECTING OFFERINGS! IT'S A GOLD MINE!
WE USE THESE PRIESTS' COSTUMES WE FOUND IN THE CAVE! HERE, PUT ONE ON!
ANNOUNCE YOU'RE A NEW GOD, SEE? AND ASK FOR JEWELS! OR YOU GET THIS!
SO THEY WANT ME TO LIVEN UP THEIR RACKET, DO THEY? WELL, MAYBE I WILL - BUT NOT THE WAY THEY THINK!
4

GATHER, O YE MORTALS! HEAR YOUR NEW KING!
FINE, FINE! YOU'RE A SWELL ACTOR!
BEHOLD, A NEW WATER GOD! WE TREMBLE! WHAT IS THY WISH?
CLOSER, MY CHILDREN! HEARKEN UNTO ME!
FIRST, A STOUT WAR SPEAR!
YOU FOOL! ASK FOR GOLD AND JEWELS!
I STILL THINK A SPEAR IS MORE USEFUL! LIKE THIS!
WAR AMONG THE GODS! TERROR MUST FOLLOW!
NO TRUE GODS HERE! YOU WORSHIP WHAT YOU FEAR... HEAR ME AND UNDERSTAND...
THIS ONE IS MERE MAN! KILL HIM! KILL HIM!
ONLY ONE WAY TO CONVINCE THEM! THE HARD WAY!
COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES!
EEEE! WE GO TO THE SWIFT WATER DEATH!
5


I ONLY HOPE THAT NET HOLDS US ALL!
WE GO STRAIGHT TO SPIRIT LAND!
BUT YOU'RE REALLY SAFE! NOW YOU CAN SEE HOW YOU'VE BEEN DUPED!
HE SPEAKS TRUTH! WE STILL LIVE!
REVENGE! REVENGE ON THE FALSE GODS!
WAIT A MINUTE! NO MORE HUMAN SACRIFICES FOR THIS CROWD!
JUST MAKE THEM RETURN THE RICHES THEY STOLE FROM YOU! THAT'S PUNISHMENT ENOUGH FOR THEM!
HERE! ONLY LET US GO!
NEXT DAY, AFTER THE UNSCRUPULOUS GOLD-SEEKERS HAVE BEEN DRIVEN FROM THE VILLAGE...
COME UP RIVER SOON! A NEW WORLD WAITS TO WELCOME YOU!
FAREWELL, FEARLESS CONGO BILL! TILL WE MEET AGAIN!

SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Neptune No. 7)

DL HSS ZOVBSK ZLYCL VBY JVBUAYF HZ MHPAO. MBSSF HMALY C-KHF HZ ILMVYL.

SUPERMAN, AUG.
c/o ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....

WHAT MAKES A CHAMPION?

Make-up of most champions includes: (1) *Smart coaching*, (2) *Good training*, (3) *Natural ability*, (4) *Hard work*, (5) *Will-to-win*. Greater natural ability is an advantage, but that's all. The will-to-win is in your heart. On items (1) and (2) here's some help.

1. SMART COACHING . . .

Now! You can get expert coaching from world famous sports authorities—in Wheaties new Library of Sports manuals. Each book contains 32 pointer-packed pages. Jammed with straight-from-the-shoulder advice that has paid off in championships. Loaded with action pictures that show exactly *how to play your game the champion way*.

Pick your coach from the Wheaties champion-making, champion-winning staff. Choose the books you need from this all-star line-up.

1. WANT TO BE A FOOTBALL CHAMPION? *by* Bernie Bierman
2. WANT TO BE A BASEBALL CHAMPION? *by* Lew Fonseca
3. WANT TO BE A BASKETBALL CHAMPION? (Boys) *by* Carl Nordly and Dave MacMillan
4. WANT TO BE A SWIMMING CHAMPION? *by* Matt Mann
5. WANT TO BE A GOLF CHAMPION? (Boys) *by* Gene Sarazen
6. WANT TO BE A TENNIS CHAMPION? (Girls) *by* Alice Marble
7. WANT TO BE A SOFTBALL CHAMPION? *by* Ty Gleason and Arnie Simso
8. WANT TO BE A BOWLING CHAMPION? *by* Ned Day
9. WANT TO BE A BASKETBALL CHAMPION? (Girls) *by* Catherine Snell and Eloise Jaeger
10. WANT TO BE A TENNIS CHAMPION? (Boys) *by* Don Budge
11. WANT TO BE A TRACK AND FIELD CHAMPION? (Track Events) *by* Leo Johnson
12. WANT TO BE A TRACK AND FIELD CHAMPION? (Field Events) *by* Tom Jones
13. WANT TO BE A GOLF CHAMPION? (Girls) *by* Patty Berg
14. WANT TO BE A HOME AND NEIGHBORHOOD GAMES CHAMPION? *by* Carl Nordly

2. GOOD TRAINING . . .

All basic training programs stress proper sleep, cleanliness, conditioning exercise—and nutritious diet. Eating right is important business for any athlete. That's one reason why big bowlfuls of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions" are a training table favorite with top-notch performers in all sports.

Wheaties are chuck-full of *widely known essential whole grain nourishment*. And Wheaties' rich food values are mighty easy to take—in big, crisp-toasted, malt-flavored flakes. Smart training—*delicious eating*—in milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions."

"Breakfast of Champions"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

SEND FOR YOUR BOOKS TODAY!
Use easy-to-mail coupon. Or mail order to Wheaties, Library of Sports, Dept. 76, Minneapolis 15, Minn. Order books in pairs only. Order as many as you need. Send ONE Wheaties box top and 10c for each set of TWO books. Offer expires July 1, 1946.

I WANT TO BE A CHAMPION!

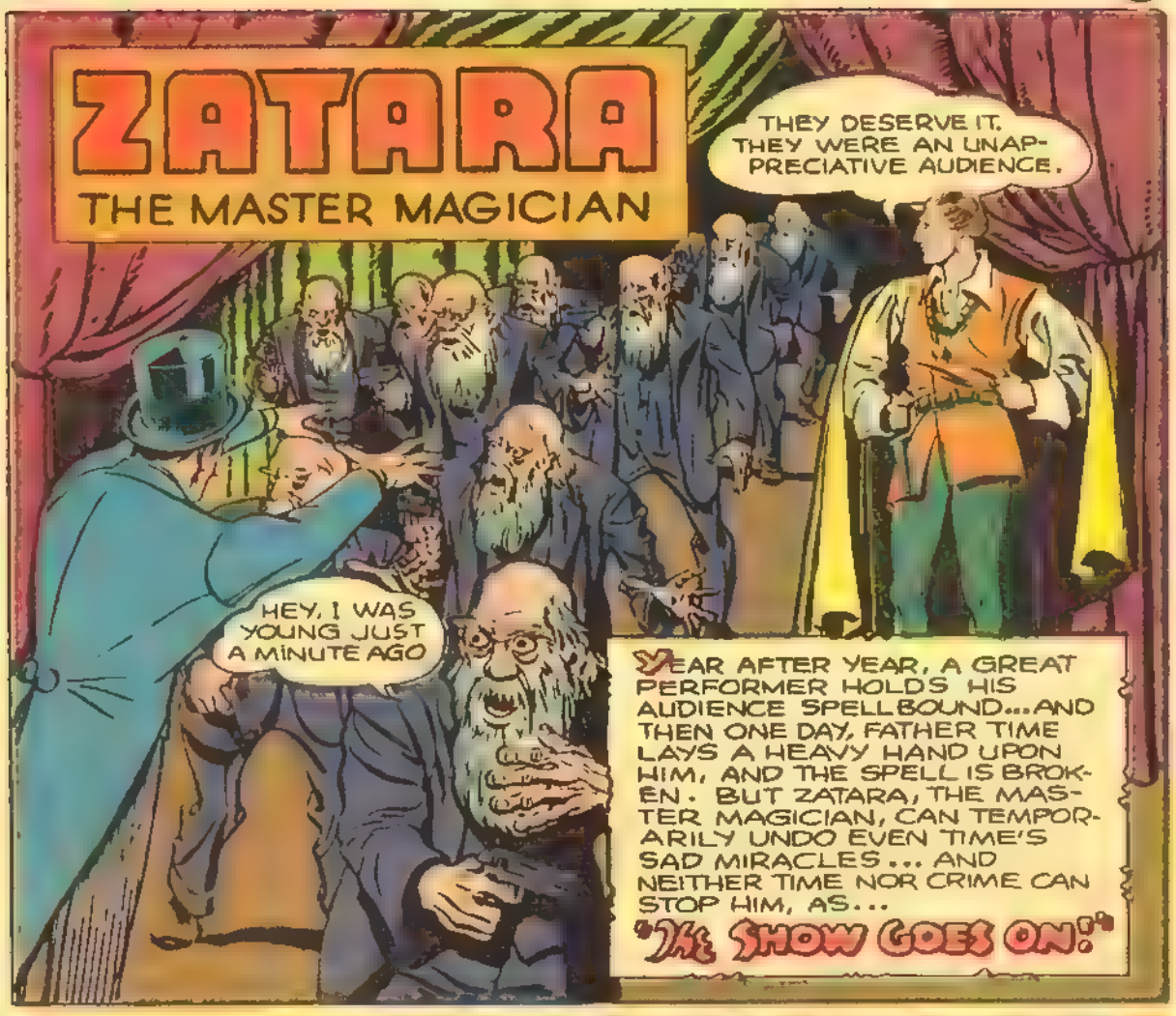
Wheaties, Library of Sports, Dept. 76
Minneapolis 15, Minnesota
Please send me the Library of Sports books I have circled below. I enclose ONE Wheaties box top and 10c for each set of TWO books.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14

Name _____
(Please print plainly)

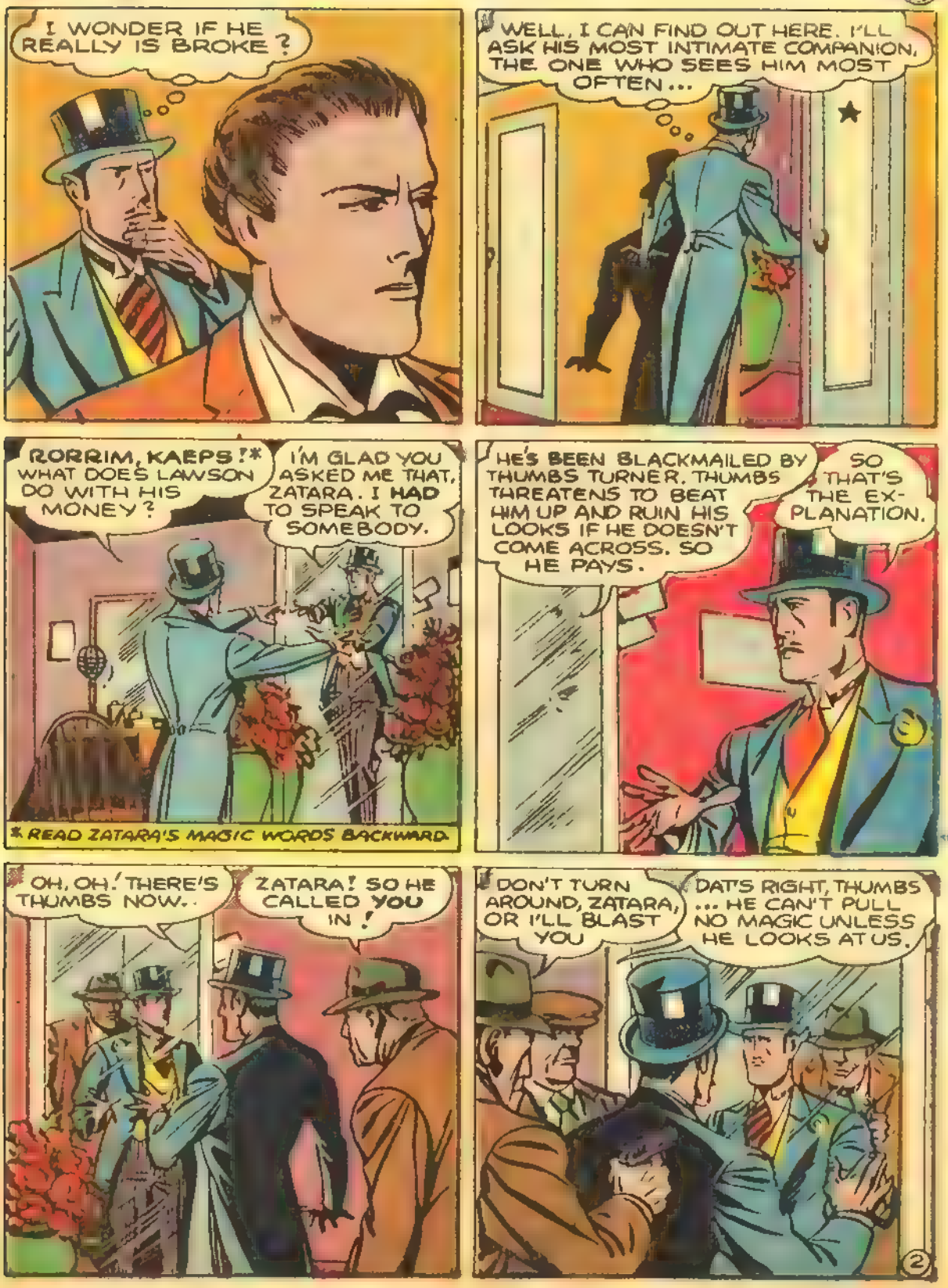
Address _____

City _____ *Zone* _____ *State* _____

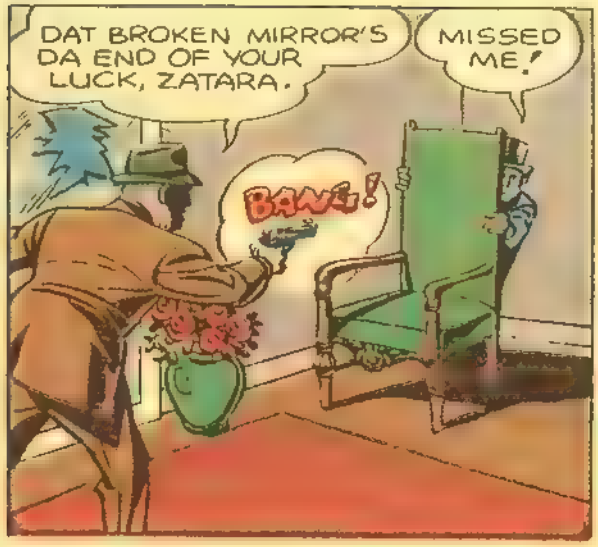

ZATARA
THE MASTER MAGICIAN
THEY DESERVE IT. THEY WERE AN UNAPPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE.
HEY, I WAS YOUNG JUST A MINUTE AGO
YEAR AFTER YEAR, A GREAT PERFORMER HOLDS HIS AUDIENCE SPELLBOUND...AND THEN ONE DAY, FATHER TIME LAYS A HEAVY HAND UPON HIM, AND THE SPELL IS BROKEN. BUT ZATARA, THE MASTER MAGICIAN, CAN TEMPORARILY UNDO EVEN TIME'S SAD MIRACLES... AND NEITHER TIME NOR CRIME CAN STOP HIM, AS...
"The SHOW GOES ON!"

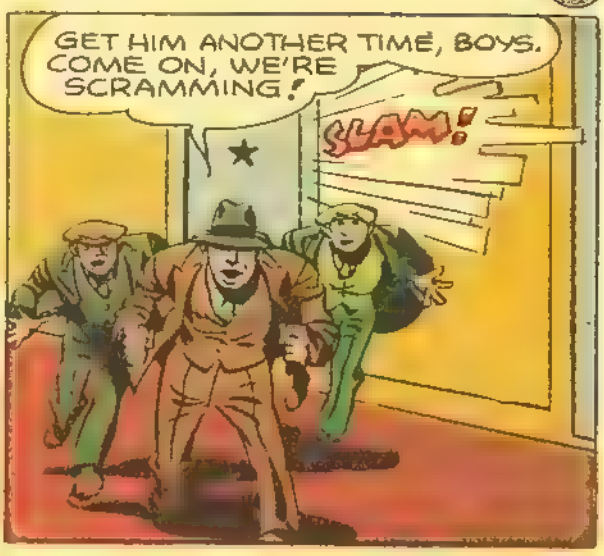
THE WORLD KNOWS LESLIE LAWSON AS A GREAT ACTOR AND A DASHING HERO. BUT PRIVATELY...
LAWSON, I'M MAKING A COLLECTION FOR THE HOME FOR AGED ACTORS, AND I WAS WONDERING...
SORRY, ZATARA. I KNOW IT'S A WORTHY CAUSE, BUT...

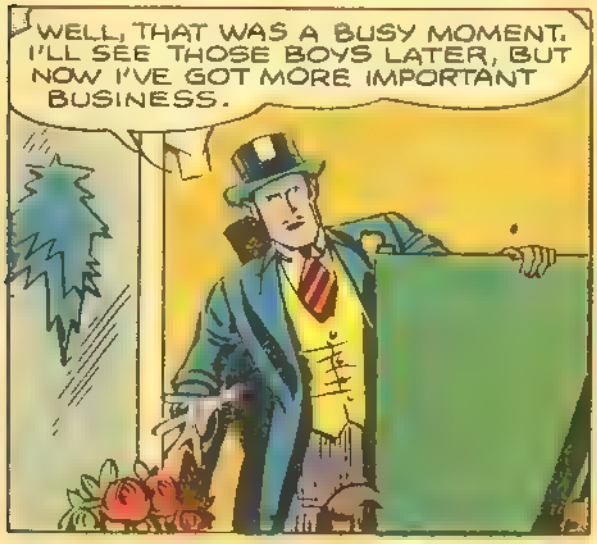
...RIGHT NOW I'M HARD UP. I CAN'T GIVE A CENT.
THAT'S TOO BAD.
HMM... TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS A WEEK, AND HE HASN'T A CENT FOR CHARITY.

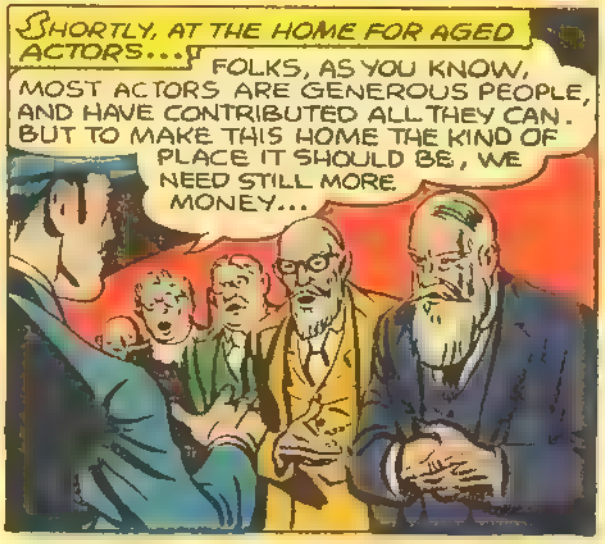

I WONDER IF HE REALLY IS BROKE?
WELL, I CAN FIND OUT HERE. I'LL ASK HIS MOST INTIMATE COMPANION, THE ONE WHO SEES HIM MOST OFTEN...
RORRIM, KAEPS!* WHAT DOES LAWSON DO WITH HIS MONEY?
I'M GLAD YOU ASKED ME THAT, ZATARA. I HAD TO SPEAK TO SOMEBODY.
*READ ZATARA'S MAGIC WORDS BACKWARD
HE'S BEEN BLACKMAILED BY THUMBS TURNER. THUMBS THREATENS TO BEAT HIM UP AND RUIN HIS LOOKS IF HE DOESN'T COME ACROSS. SO HE PAYS.
SO THAT'S THE EXPLANATION.
OH, OH! THERE'S THUMBS NOW..
ZATARA! SO HE CALLED YOU IN!
DON'T TURN AROUND, ZATARA, OR I'LL BLAST YOU
DAT'S RIGHT, THUMBS ... HE CAN'T PULL NO MAGIC UNLESS HE LOOKS AT US.
2

YOU'RE FORGETTING THE MIRROR! SREWOLF EB LACIPORT ELGNUJ! REHTOMS NEM!
I HOPE YOU BOYS LIKE POSIES.
ACHOO! MY HAY FEVER!
HELP, I'M BEIN' SMOTHERED.
BANG!
CRASH!
OHHH...
PRETTY LUCKY..THAT BULLET ONLY GRAZED MY CHIN.
LOOK! DA POS ES HAVE GONE.
IT'S ON ACCOUNTA DA SLUG BROKE DA MIRROR... AND DAT BROKE DA SPELL.
QUICK, THUMBS, PLUG HIM BEFORE HE PUTS DA HEX ON US AGAIN.
3

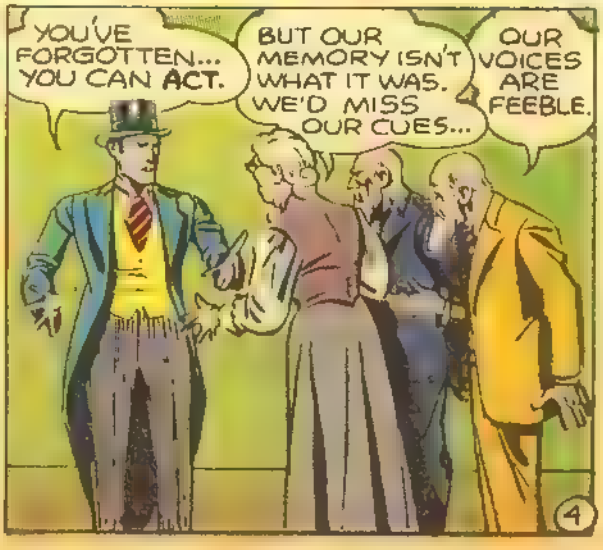

DAT BROKEN MIRROR'S DA END OF YOUR LUCK, ZATARA.
MISSED ME!
BANG!


GET HIM ANOTHER TIME, BOYS. COME ON, WE'RE SCRAMMING!
SLAM!


WELL, THAT WAS A BUSY MOMENT. I'LL SEE THOSE BOYS LATER, BUT NOW I'VE GOT MORE IMPORTANT BUSINESS.


SHORTLY, AT THE HOME FOR AGED ACTORS...
FOLKS, AS YOU KNOW, MOST ACTORS ARE GENEROUS PEOPLE, AND HAVE CONTRIBUTED ALL THEY CAN. BUT TO MAKE THIS HOME THE KIND OF PLACE IT SHOULD BE, WE NEED STILL MORE MONEY...

SO I SUGGEST YOU RAISE IT YOURSELVES.
OURSELVES? BUT, ZATARA, WE'RE TOO OLD. THERE'S NOTHING MUCH WE CAN DO.


YOU'VE FORGOTTEN... YOU CAN ACT.
BUT OUR MEMORY ISN'T WHAT IT WAS. WE'D MISS OUR CUES...
OUR VOICES ARE FEEBLE.
4

YOU'D BE SURPRISED WHAT YOU CAN DO. FOLLOW ME.
THIS OLD BARN IS A GOOD PLACE TO REHEARSE. NRAB, EB EGATS!
WHY, IT'S A REGULAR SHAKESPEAREAN STAGE. I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES.
THAT'S JUST THE BEGINNING. NOW I'VE GOT TO PROVIDE COSTUMES.
SEHTOLC, EB TIF ROF SGNIK!
THE SAME CLOTHES I WORE IN HENRY THE FIFTH YEARS AGO.
AND NOW THE GREATEST GIFT OF ALL...
EB GNUOY!
5

I- I'M YOUNG AGAIN. I CAN PLAY THE LEAD.
AND I CAN BE THE HEROINE ONCE MORE.
YES, AND NOW, LET'S REHEARSE.
AND LATER, WHEN ZATARA SEES LAWSON AGAIN...
I HEARD WHAT YOU DID TO THOSE THUGS, ZATARA. THANKS A LOT. YOU'VE GIVEN ME SO MUCH COURAGE, THAT I REFUSED TO PAY THEM A CENT MORE.
THEN, PERHAPS, YOU CAN MAKE A BIG CONTRIBUTION TO THE HOME FOR AGED ACTORS.
ER, NOT NOW, ZATARA. I STILL HAVEN'T GOT MUCH MONEY. BUT I'LL BUY A TICKET TO THEIR PLAY.
EVIDENTLY, LACK OF MONEY WASN'T THE ONLY THING THAT STOPPED HIM FROM BEING GENEROUS. BUT MAYBE HE'LL LEARN YET.
MEANWHILE...
SO PRETTY-FACE WON'T PAY NO MORE. OKAY, BOYS, WE GOT A JOB TO DO.
HE'S BOUND TO BE AT DIS PLAY DEY'RE GIVIN'. DAT'LL BE A GOOD PLACE TO GET HIM, BOSS.
HOW DO YA LIKE DA CLOTHES, BOYS? DON'T DEY FIT BEAUTIFUL?
POISONALLY, I T'INK DEY'RE SILLY... BUT IF DEY PREVENT US FROM LOOKIN' CONSPICUOUS, OKAY
PSST... DERE'S DA CHUMP, COMIN' BACKSTAGE. HERE'S OUR CHANCE.
SO YA T'OUGHT WE WAS BLUFFIN', HUH? ZATARA AIN'T AROUND TA HELP YA NOW...
EEEHH.. DON'T HIT ME!
6

BUT ZATARA ISN'T TOO FAR AWAY...
I CAN CALL UP SPIRITS FROM THE VASTY DEEP.
SO CAN I, AND SO CAN ANY MAN. BUT WILL THEY COME WHEN YOU DO CALL THEM?
DON'T THEY DELIVER THE LINES MAGNIFICENTLY?
LAWSON LEFT HIS SEAT JUST BEFORE THE PERFORMANCE, AND HASN'T RETURNED. PROBABLY WANTED TO WATCH FROM THE WINGS...
DON'T YOU DARE TRY TO SPOIL MY LOOKS!
WHY, YOU SAP, JUST FOR DAT...
LAWSON NEEDS HELP. EB TNAIG!
WHY... I'M A LOT BIGGER THAN THEY ARE.
YIIII.. HE GREW! WE BETTER GET OUTA HERE!
AHA, YOU MIDGETS! THE TABLES ARE TURNED.
UGHH!
AAAA...
NOW, I SHALL SWAGGER AND PLAY THE BULLY.
YIII... DON'T! WE GIVE UP.
TIME TO CALL A HALT HERE.
7

AND AS ONCE AGAIN ZATARA SPEAKS THE MAGIC WORDS...
WHY, I'M NO LONGER LARGER THAN THEY. IT WAS YOU, ZATARA. YOU MADE ME A GIANT.
NICE FIGHTING, LAWSON. NOT BAD FOR AN OLD MAN!
AN OLD MAN? WHY, THAT'S NOT TRUE AT ALL. I'M IN THE PRIME OF LIFE.
TAKE A LOOK. EB DLO!
HERE IN THIS MIRROR. YOU SEE?
GHASTLY! WHAT'S HAPPENED? I'M A HUNDRED YEARS OLD.
LAWSON, NOTHING HAS HAPPENED. NOTHING EXCEPT THAT YOU'RE GETTING A PREVIEW OF THE WAY YOU'RE GOING TO LOOK FIFTY YEARS FROM NOW.
ENOUGH! ZATARA, I REALIZE NOW THAT I'VE BEEN A CAD. AND TO SHOW YOU HOW MUCH I APPRECIATE THE POSITION OF ALL THESE OLD ACTORS...
LESLIE LAWSON DOES MEAN WELL! YES, SIR...
FOLKS, I'VE GOT GOOD NEWS FOR YOU. A STRANGER JUST GAVE ME A CHECK FOR $10,000. THAT, AND THE BOX OFFICE RECEIPTS, ARE JUST WHAT YOU NEED FOR THE NEW HOME.
BRAVO, ZATARA!
THREE CHEERS FOR OUR UNKNOWN BENEFACTOR!
WELL, LAWSON, HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE THE UNKNOWN BENEFACTOR?
GREAT, ZATARA. WHEN I SAW HOW HAPPY I MADE THOSE PEOPLE I WAS ONLY SORRY THAT I COULDN'T HAVE MADE IT MORE. I WILL, THOUGH, AS SOON AS I RECOVER FROM THE BLACKMAIL I PAID TO THUMBS.
8

ADVERTISEMENT

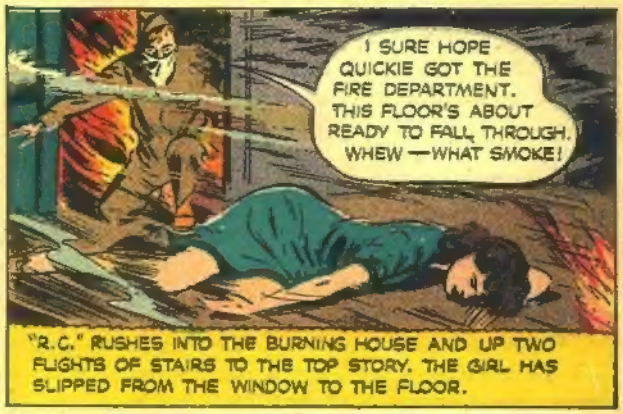
VOLTO
HE COMES FROM MARS POSSESSING STRANGE, MAGNETIC POWERS!
BANDITS ARE STEALING THE SACRED DIAMOND FROM THE ANCIENT TEMPLE! LET'S HURRY!
LOOK OUT FOR THAT ROPE, VOLTO!
SO THEES EES THE GREAT VOLTO!
LET'S VAMOOSE, PEDRO... AND GET THE DIAMOND BEFORE THAT STORM SHE BREAK!
THE STORM BREAKS! THE WIND HOWLS! SUDDENLY A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHTNING STRIKES THE TREE... FREEING VOLTO!
WOW! NOT EVEN SINGED!
NEVER MIND UNTYING ME...GET THE BANDITS, VOLTO!
REMEMBER ME? WHEN I SAY 'VOLTO' MY LEFT HAND REPELS!
I MUS' RUN WEETH THE DIAMOND!
VOLTO
OH NO, YOU DON'T... MY RIGHT HAND ATTRACTS! THE DIAMOND, PLEASE!
VOLTO
GOOD THING I CHARGED MY MAGNETISM BY EATING A WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL TODAY!
LUCKY FOR YOU IT WAS GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES, VOLTO! THEY, TASTE SWELL!
COPR. 1945 GENERAL FOODS CORP.
YOU MAY NOT GET VOLTO'S MAGNETIC POWER FROM GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES ...BUT YOU SURE WILL GET A POWERHOUSE START AT BREAKFAST! TRY 'EM TODAY. GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES — THEY'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES!
Grape-Nuts Flakes
WHOLE GRAIN

TUNE IN HOP HARRIGAN, BLUE NETWORK STATIONS, 4:45 MON. THRU FRI.

ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

FLAMING RESCUE!
SAY, "R.C.", I SEE SOMETHING GOOD--A ROYAL CROWN COLA STAND!
QUIET, QUICKIE! I HEAR SOMETHING BAD -- SOMEONE'S YELLING FIRE!
FIRE! FIRE!
ROYAL CROWN COLA

THERE'S A LOT OF SMOKE COMING OUT OF THAT WINDOW—HEY! THAT GIRL HAS COLLAPSED!
HURRY, QUICKIE! YOU GO TURN IN AN ALARM. I'M GOING UP AND GET HER!



"R.C." RUSHES INTO THE BURNING HOUSE AND UP TWO FLIGHTS OF STAIRS TO THE TOP STORY. THE GIRL HAS SLIPPED FROM THE WINDOW TO THE FLOOR.

PICKING UP THE UNCONSCIOUS GIRL, HE STAGGERS TO THE WINDOW... DROPS HER INTO A NET HELD BY FIREMEN BELOW

"R.C." SEES THE FIREMEN CATCH THE GIRL SAFELY AND THEN JUMPS HIMSELF!

HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU FOR SAVING MY LIFE? YOU'RE WONDERFUL!
SO'S THIS ROYAL CROWN COLA.
YOU'RE WELCOME, MISS--AND QUICKIE'S RIGHT—IT'S THE ONLY COLA THAT'S BEST BY TASTE-TEST!

COWBOY STAR JIMMY WAKELY SAYS:

SURE THING! IT DOES TASTE BEST!

Cowboy star Jimmy Wakely has a sharp taste for colas! He tried leading colas in paper cups and picked the one that tasted best. It was Royal Crown Cola! "R C's my favorite 'quick-up' treat!" says Jimmy. Try it today! 2 full glasses in each 5¢ bottle.

See Jimmy Wakely in "SONG OF THE RANGE" a Monogram picture

ROYAL CROWN COLA
Best by Taste-Test!

ROYAL CROWN COLA 2 FULL GLASSES 5¢